

EVOLUTION OF THE MIND OF THE NEGRO IN THE U. S.

Negro Is Little Understood By The White Race And Is Often Ignorant Of Himself. Has Developed Under Peculiar Circumstances.

By Clarence W. Norris

PART I Introduction

In our considerations of the Negro question in America, we seldom pry deeply into the mental and psychological life of the Negro to find out in what his entire life consists; what the sources are that contribute largely to his mental being. The average student of the race problem does not penetrate into the bottom-most depths of the American Negro's life in search of those things which really guide his existence. The discovery of these things will enable one to appreciate the true situation in which the Negro inevitably finds himself. A thorough knowledge of the evolution of the American black man's mind is the necessary prerequisite to the best understanding of the race problem.

St. Louis, Mo.
Prejudices Dominate.
We as human beings are prone to take the external world as it is. Most of our popular opinions and prejudices are built up by external happenings. Our opinions and conclusions are often formed by what we see rather than by the apprehension of the underlying causes of what appears before our senses. The emotions of the human race are easily caught up blindly in the outer manifestations in the life of an individual, and with no consideration whatever of the 'whys' and 'wherefores.'

A large number of students of race deal chiefly with and make generalizations from the observed manifestations and acts of Negroes. Pseudo-science does not often fail to arrive at cock-sure judgments based upon sheer superficial observation. The pseudo-scientist in treating the Negro problem does not uncommonly focus his chief attention on the outer acts of the individual.

In this paper it is our aim to analyze the mental life of the American Negro and to attempt to disclose certain truths about the Negro which are fundamental to an unbiased study of the Negro problem. It is our primary purpose to center most of our discussion around the life of the Negro in the South which is the

seat of the race question in America.

—C. W. Norris

Negro Oppressed

The first cargo of Negro slaves was brought to Virginia in 1619. These twenty Africans were forced into a new environment and from them has sprung the American Negro. After having been brought to America not by his own free will, he was made a beast of burden. Two and one half centuries of the Negro's existence in America have been dominated by oppression. The Negro has been a part of America almost as long as the white man. The first permanent white American group began its settlement in 1607 and the first permanent Negro group in America was in 1619. The entire history of the white group in America has been freedom, the most cherished ideal of our democracy. When the mother country threatened this basic ideal of America by its exorbitant taxation and attempted control of the colonies, they arose to defend it. The success of the American Revolution exalted this ideal of freedom to a higher plane than it had the Negro, all forms of forced segregation and discrimination have aroused a deeper sense of oppression in the American Negro; even to the extent of making him feel oppressed or being discriminated against when he in some instances really is not.

There are many cases of Negro students who sometimes when they get low grades in their subjects feel that the instructor has deliberately did so owing to their color. Yet it cannot be denied nor disproved that many times Negro students are actually discriminated against in class where there are white students. I know of instances in one of our leading Western Universities where in some classes the Negro student even in an alphabetical seating arrangement is given a seat to himself outside of the regular alphabetical order. I know of one class in which the instructor just before the final examination told the white members of the class to go home and take a thorough review of the semester's work and told the colored members

to go home and pray. All these outrages on the part of members of the white race tend to embitter the Negro.

Fear Instilled

Then there is a racial fear peculiar especially to the Negro of the South; this fear is not the ordinary instinctive fear, or fear based on superstition which is often attributed to the ignorant Negro, but is the product of the extreme white domination of the Negro. In the life of all subjected people grows up a certain mental attitude toward their masters. The longer their subjection coupled with extreme persecution, the deeper will this fear become a part of their life. The American Negro of the South finds himself in such a state. The longer their subjection coupled with extreme persecution, the deeper will this fear become a part of their life. The American Negro of the South finds himself in such a state. The long period of slavery together with the many persecutions and injustices against the slave excited in him fear. The injustices of courts especially in the South against the Negro, lynchings such as burning of Negroes at the stake, and all forms of extreme despotism against the blacks have implanted in the nature of the Southern Negro a peculiar racial fear. He is confronted with a dilemma. He realizes if he seeks redress of his grievance in the courts he is more likely to get the worst end of it; he realizes that if he asserts his manhood and attempts to defend himself or his family, it is almost certain death.

Subjected To Insults

A report was made of the following incident which occurred in a fairly large Southern city: One day a Negro doctor and his wife were walking down the main street of this Southern city and his wife accidentally bumped into a white pedestrian who apparently became very indignant, so much so that he slapped the colored woman. The Negro made no attempt to return the blow but came panic-stricken because he realized that had he resisted he would have soon been completely overpowered by on lookers. It is not absolutely fair to call this Negro a coward in the South there is a tendency to overwhelm the Negro by large numbers when there is arisen an issue between one white and one black. However, there are many Negroes who in the above or a similar situation would have given up their life before they would have let such an insult go with impunity.

To be continued Next Week

Human Hair Tells Race, Nationality, Sex and Age

STUDENT FINDS FORMULAE IN EXPERIMENTS

Chicago, March 26.—(AP)—Human hair betrays race, nationality, sex and probably age, the American Anthropological Association of Central United States was informed at its annual meeting here today by Morris Bernstein, of New York city, a student at the University of Chicago, who has conducted detailed experiments with hair of various colors and coarseness. An Irishman's hair, for instance, has different weight than an Italian's, and an old Irishman's hair, Mr. Bernstein said he believed, would show a definite difference from a young Irishman's.

This discovery has considerable importance in the realm of physical anthropology, Bernstein said, inasmuch as researchers may now have hair to work upon as well as skulls in making anthropological determinations. "Differences in hair weight are due to three causes," he said. "First, differences in quantity of pigment present; second, presence or absence of air bubbles, and third, differences in area of cross section, that is, coarseness of hair. Sexual differences seem to be due to the differences in area of cross section."

COLUMBIA, S. C.

John Bennett's "Guess" at Gullah

John Bennett, who has written much on the Gullahs, and is cited as an authority in Dr. Reed Smith's bulletin "Gullah," which we reviewed in an editorial last Sunday, objects to our use of the word "guess" as accidentally describing his surmise or reasoned hypothesis as to the origin of these remarkable Negroes of the Carolina coast. "It is my habit not to guess at facts," he writes.

What we said was: Naturally, the author (Doctor Smith) has something to say about the obscure origin of the Negroes we call, loosely, "Gullahs"... Perhaps the guess—for it is hardly more—of John Bennett's, that the Negroes and their language-base came from the Golas "back of Monrovia," Liberia.. We left the thought suspended in air, as is the whole discussion of the origin of the Gullahs.

Mr. Bennett is quite positive in his conclusion, quoted by Doctor Smith: "The dialect of the West Coast (Africa), from which came these Gullah Negroes." But Doctor Smith, after careful and wide research, introduces Mr. Bennett's conclusion as: "A second, more probable, suggestion," and so on. Dr. Reed Smith is not yet certain.

"Guess" may sound rather sturring, or trivial; but the Oxford dictionary gives it as meaning—"estimate without measurement or detailed calculation," and we do not see that anybody has yet taken the accurate measure of these Gullahs, or knows any precise details of their origin in Africa or elsewhere. "Hypothesis" or "theory" might have been more acceptable; but the Oxford includes hypothesis in its definitions of "guess."

As to this obscure matter, all that may be truly set down is—we do not know. We are merely presenting the hypotheses and guesses that seem to jibe with the few facts we have dug out about the Gullahs. "God," as Browning says, "has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear." We do not belong in that galley. We don't know; and we hardly ventured our own humble "guess" as to whence came this rare brood and brogue.

"QUEEN OF COOKS" PAYS TRIBUTE TO NEGRO COOKING

Mrs. Rosa Lewis, proprietor of the Cavendish Hotel in London, where she began as a cook forty-eight years ago and till passes a large part of her time in the kitchen, is one of the distinguished foreign visitors now in this country. Upon her arrival in New York, Mrs. Lewis gave out an interview on cooking, during the course of which she paid a glowing tribute to colored cooks. She said:

"You Americans, contrary to general belief, have some of the finest cooking in the world, that of the American Negro. The Negro has contributed something original to the art. Fried chicken, beaten biscuits, spoon bread—these are in my opinion among the best dishes ever tasted."

Mrs. Lewis began her career as a scullery maid and before she was out of her teens her cooking had become so famous that she was in demand at special dinners given in the homes of the wealthy and titled. It attracted the attention of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and his factor established her fame as a caterer.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Negro Humor

By Dr. Frank Crane.

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The Negro has several points of superiority over any other race.

Not the least of these is his sense of humor.

The Negro is unquestionably the funniest man in the world. The Negro joke still ranks above anything that the Irishman can do, or the Yankee, or the German.

The reason is that the Negro is instinctively good-natured, utterly human, and can see the funny side of anything.

Everybody has his collection of Negro jokes. Here are a few, which although they may be chestnuts, illustrate the Negro's peculiar gift:

A colored man going to work one morning passed a jail. A prisoner looking out through the bars called to him and asked him what time it was. "What do you want to know what time it is for?" replied the darkey. "You ain't goin' no place."

A guest at a hotel had had a certain Negro waiter for several days, had tipped him liberally, and was enjoying special attention. One morning the waiter passed him by and another took his place. The guest called to the first waiter and asked him why he had deserted him. "Well," replied the waiter, "you see, I done lost you last night boss, in a game of craps."

A railroad contractor employed a number of Negroes in Florida. One of them would sit up most of the night playing cards. The employer remonstrated with him and told him that he did not get enough sleep, and that he could not expect to do his work when he sat up until 3 o'clock playing cards and got up at 6 o'clock to work. "Yas," replied the Negro, "I gits sleep enough, boss. You see, I sleeps awful fast."

One of O. Henry's favorite stories was about the Negro who had been condemned to death by the judge. "You are to be taken out into the jail yard and hung by the neck until you are dead, on the 13th day of August. Have you anything to say?" said the judge. The Negro rose to his feet and, after stammering a bit, inquired, "You all don't mean this coming August, do you, judge?"

A characteristic reply was that of the Negro who was asked where he was going. "I ain't goin' nowhere," was the answer. "I done been where I'm goin'."

Illustrative of the Negro's happy disposition is the story of a man who wanted a laborer to help him move a piano. He stepped out on the street and saw a Negro leaning against a lamp post. "Do you want to earn a quarter?" he asked. The boy slowly turned his head and said, "No sir; I got a quarter."

A young Negro had been away from his native town in Kentucky to Chicago for some months. His name was Fred Brown. When he returned home some one greeted him with, "How are you, Fred?" He replied, "My name ain't Fred no more. I done changed my name. My name now is S. R. Brown. That's my name. Cicero Brown."

A Negro waiter in a Southern town asked a guest at a hotel what kind of pie he would have for dinner. "What kind of pie have you?" asked the guest. The answer was, "Black, straw, huck, an' raz." And if you say these words fast enough it makes quite an imposing sound.

WILMINGTON

DELAWARE

JAN 21 1927

THAT COURTEOUS "CULLUD" DRIVER

NOW and then one can be seen. He was driving an old-time horse to an old-time buggy. The horse was not young. Neither was the buggy and surely, the driver was not. The buggy did not have rubber tires, and so it made a noise. And there was a rattle, too. The wheels were not in alignment. The old-time "cullud" driver wore a hat

that looked old enough to have been discarded by Noah when he entered the ark.

This colored driver and his horse and buggy were crossing Market street at Second during the afternoon. A person more than middle age was going across the street and sort of hesitated as the buggy approached. At once the driver pulled up his horse and smiled and smiled again and then courteously waved the pedestrian to go ahead, and with a smile bowed at the pedestrian. Then the "cullud" driver and his horse and his buggy traveled on down the street, and that pedestrian inwardly thought that the colored driver and his horse and buggy were a fine and princely combination.

He could not refrain from comparing the courtesy of the driver with what a high percentage of motorists would have done in similar circumstances. Would they have halted and smiled, waved the pedestrian to go ahead? A very few would, but the majority would not have done so. They would have gone ahead as fast as possible and let the pedestrian look out for himself. If the pedestrian had appeared bewildered a few of these motorists would have tried to bewilder him all the more by seeing how close they could come to hitting him. That would have been their idea of sport.

Another percentage would have honked their horns a dozen times, and if other cars were behind there would have been a hilarious honking spree. And they would have looked black at the pedestrian, and not have smiled as the colored driver did.

Of course, the motorists would have had an excuse for their irritation caused by the pedestrian crossing a street. That excuse would have been that the motorist had lost half a minute or a minute and possibly a minute and one-half of time, and such loss of time in this day of standardization and efficiency would have been nothing short of an inexcusable calamity. We must whirl, wallop and whizz through life, and the only delays tolerated are those which are now so frequent or railroad trains.

That colored driver, we do not believe, had the slightest worry about the little delay the pedestrian caused, and we would wager that he was far happier than fifty per cent of the honking motorists.

COLOUR.

Hereafter select your colour or be without it. Pigmentation of the races is due to feeding, says science. Indians are red because they have absorbed for generations hemoglobin, the red substance in the blood of animals killed for food. "Original man was black," it appears, because his diet was chiefly vegetarian, or "fruit and vegetable" containing manganates that ally themselves with iron, constituting a dark brown combination. It is said that the "cullud" add milk and meat to their vegetable fare are not so shady as those who stick to the vegetable diet only. Mongols are yellow, as the story goes, as they lived to a great extent on milk, "which contains chlorine and has a bleaching effect." More milk, more chlorine and more bleaching! The dairy henceforth will be an adjunct to the beauty parlor.

REPOSITORY
CANTON, O.

PUBLIC LEDGER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Irvin S. Cobb's Story

BLACK AND WHITE

In a South Carolina town a business man, beset by domestic and financial worries, had blown his brains out. Naturally, the tragedy, for the time being was the main topic of conversation.

A resident who knew the suicide slightly, was discussing the sad affair with his negro office servant.

"Joe," he said, "speaking of such things, I've been struck by a curious circumstance. To the best of my recollection, I never heard of a member of your race deliberately killing himself because of private troubles, and yet every day in the papers we see where white people have been taking their own lives. I wonder why this should be? You're a negro yourself, what are your theories on the subject?"

Mista Barnwell," said Joe, "yere's de way it 'tis: A white man gits hisse'f in a jam an' he can't seem to see no way out of it an' he sets down an' thinks about it an' thinks about it some mo' an' after awhile he grabs up a pistol an' shoots hisse'f."

"A black man he get snarled up in trouble de same way an' he sets down an' starts thinking—and after 'while he goes to sleep!"

The Best Cooks!

MADAME GENOT, famous French cook, challenges all American and British cooks to meet her in the kitchen to test the relative merits of French

American and British cooking. She is disturbed by a statement credited to Mrs. Rosa Lewis, noted British culinary artist, that the American Negro cook is one of the world's best. Madame is indignant. She wants to know why Edward VII was so fond of French cooking; why Lord Derby, Lord Charles Montagu, the Marquis of Crewe and the Prince of Wales have frequented her Paris establishment with so much enthusiasm. Also, she discloses that large sums have been offered her to go to England and to America to cook. These arguments might be attacked by the statement that good food, wherever prepared, is a delight to men. There is no denying the truth of Owen Meredith's poetry, music and art, that we can even live without conscience, "but civilized man cannot live without cooks," French or otherwise.

WORLD'S FAMOUS NAVIGATORS WERE OF DARK RACE, SAYS PORTUGUESE FLYER

Admiral Coutinho Proud of His African Blood; Points to Magellan as One of Many Others

A few weeks ago The Chicago Defender printed a story telling of the exploits of two famous aviators of dark blood, who were the first to fly from the South American coast to Spain in planes provided by the South American government. Upon their arrival in Spain, they were feted by the royal families and treated as the heroes they were, despite the fact that they were not of the so-called white race. The Defender took pride in pointing out the facts that these pioneers in aeronautics had been enabled to bring honor to their country because they were given encouragement by their governments.

It was also recalled that had these men lived in the United States, and had white Americans been able to establish their own connections with our Race, they would never have received the opportunity to prove themselves in any noteworthy enterprise.

Immediately upon publication of this article, The Portugal-America, a magazine, purporting to be a spokesman for Portuguese people, printed in the Portuguese language, but published in the United States, attempted to take The Defender to task for calling these distinguished aviators, Admiral Gago Coutinho and Ramon Franco, men of African descent.

No "Negro" Blood.

"Neither Gago Coutinho nor Sacadura Cabral, (another South American aviator mentioned in the Defender article,) have the slightest drop of dark blood," declared this

Portuguese magazine in its February issue, printed in the United States. It Continued: "Portugal has treated the colored people of its colonies with fairness, allowing them opportunities not allowed to the Negro race by any European country. In fact, we have Portugal doctors, engineers, lawyers, army officers, etc., who are Negroes and we treat them as men, regardless the color of their skin."

This, evidently, would have disposed of the subject had not the real Portuguese spirit, manifest by people who have not been subjected to the American idea of fairness as typified by editors who live in the United States, taken the trouble to investigate the question from their own angle. With this point in mind, the editor of Diario da Tarde, published in Lisbon, Portugal, sent one of his star reporters to interview Admiral Coutinho, who lives in Lisbon.

In 1919, I cannot help but think my loyal 'little darkies,' who stole a thing from me, and there I am more proud of the company of honest Colored men than of blond men. However, the thing to be regretted is that there are people who base their superiority on the color of the skin and despise those whose skin is darker than their own. This is only natural, because they have no other reasons on which to base their superiority. The next question they ask is: "Why do they talk that way for spite?" The following answer: "Perhaps, but the Colored people no doubt will prefer, for the sake of the prestige of their Race, the aerial navigators who cross the Atlantic with the help of astronomy and the

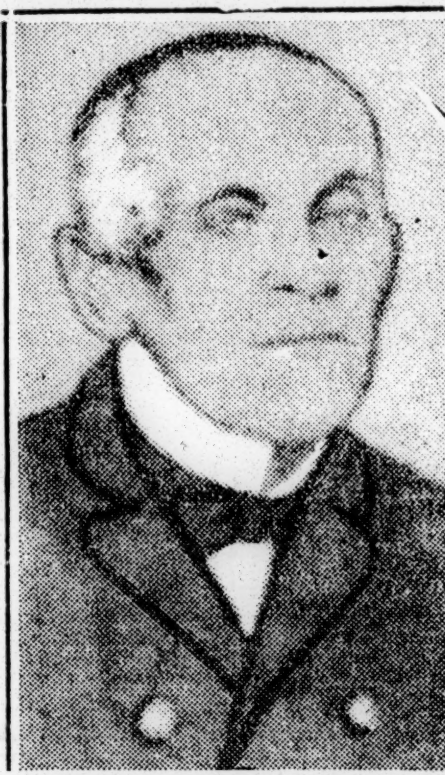
compass instead of blond men who, when coming to Europe, did it heedlessly, going where the wind and signals of friendly ships took them. The navigators who, like Franco and themselves, proved by deeds to be descendants of the great African navigators, do not require a certificate from blond people. We discovered them and they were able only to discover the astrolabes that we had invented. I accept, therefore, the diploma of 'honorary Colored man.'"

Defender Wins Again

This is just another battle won for the Defender. The Portuguese-American, printed in Massachusetts, naturally sees through the eyes of American people, who have not nearly as much regard for the truth as for proving that all white people are naturally superior and that all dark people are inferior. In this case it took a direct statement from the admiral himself to repudiate the remarks sent abroad by American editors of a Portuguese journal. And the Defender does not hesitate to add that even Admiral Coutinho's statement would not have found space in a paper published in North America. Portugal, like South America, cares more for the qualities and deeds of its citizens than for the color of their skins. The United States has not yet reached that stage of development.

This is another victory for the editor of the Defender, who has been bombarded with letters from the American quarter of Brazil with demands that he cease his comments on the Brazilian question. All the letters were unsigned and all gave evidence of having been written unaided by the general supervision of people who seek to impose the color line in South America. Consequently Portugal-America emphatically repudiates the insidious insinuation of The Chicago Defender from mentioning Brazil to people in that Gago Coutinho and Sacadura Cabral actually belonged to the Negro Race.

The above statement by Admiral Coutinho shows that the real truth concerning Europe, South America and the part our Race is playing in world development has never been fully told. Only such "agitation" as is contained by the Defender is effective in bringing these truths to light.



ADMIRAL COUTINHO

Famous Portuguese aviator of dark blood, who, when interviewed about a story that appeared in the Defender, declared that he was proud of his African blood. He stated that he preferred the company of "honest Colored men" to blonds. Among other great navigators whom he said were of African descent, was Magellan, the first person to circumnavigate the globe and discoverer of the Straits of Magellan, the first known path from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And in answer to the first question asked him by the reporter, the Admiral replied:

Not Ashamed.

"I am not ashamed that they call me a colored man." He then proceeded to tell of some of his experiences in Africa where he came in contact with the most primitive form of African life, and where he was brought to a greater appreciation of those of darker skins who have for centuries borne the brunt of the white man's malice.

Going directly to the question raised by the Defender and the Portuguese-American, Admiral Gago Coutinho said:

"Now, the Colored people of North America in their quality of persecuted people call me to their side, and I feel that I am with good company. Three thousand years ago, the Indian ocean was navigated by something made of boards of wood, resin, or some other similar substances, which they called boats, and were tripulated by Arabian sailors of colored skin using the compass and probably the astrolabe. Later on, other men, also of dark complexion such as Corte Real, Colombo, Pinzon, Cabral, Solis and Magellan crossed the Atlantic and discovered America."

Race Great Navigators.

"So that your Excellence is not offended?" asked the reporter. "Why, no," Gago Coutinho answered. "On the contrary, as an old navigator and geograph, I feel more at home among so many men of dark complexions, men who were greatest navigators and discoverers of the earth, although I realize very well that those whose skin is very light despise us. Furthermore, as far as I am concerned, when I see in American magazines, such as the Scientific American of last August and the National Geographic Magazine of last September, bombastic claims in regard to the sextant of the artificial horizon having been 'invented' by Commander Byrd for his trip to the north pole, which instrument I used in flying machines dur-

PHYSICAL DEFECTS OF AFRICAN CHILDREN WASHINGTON.

Much has been written about the effect of civilization upon the physical condition of primitive peoples. New evidence of this subject is presented in the November issue of "Public Health," the official organ of the Society of Medical Officers of Health (Great Britain), which quotes from the "Medical Journal of South Africa," a report on an examination of the teeth of a large group of Bantu children living in the Kraal native village in the Transvaal. A careful examination of 6, 179 children of school age living in more or less primitive surroundings showed that less than 20 per cent were free from dental defects. The investigation indicated that there is no great difference between the present-day European child and the pure aboriginal as regards the incidence of caries in the primary teeth; a slight difference appears in the permanent teeth, the difference being in favor of the aboriginal.

Fully 45 per cent of these South African native children had at least mild physical defects, due chiefly to malnutrition. The physician who made the examination considers that the pre-supposition that aboriginal children are less prone to the so-called diseases of civilization rests upon insufficient data.

JAN 18 1927

"NEW NEGRO" DISCUSSED

Anthropology Society at Penn Acad-
emy Addressed by Columbia Professor

The American negro has developed into a definite physical type, according to Dr. Melville J. Herskovits, lecturer in anthropology at Columbia University, who addressed a meeting of the Anthropological Society at the University of Pennsylvania last night on the subject, "The New Negro." Dr. Herskovits has made a special study of the negro for three years. He was graduated from the University of Chicago and received his Doctor's degree at Columbia.

"The negro today is not like his African ancestors, that is, not exactly like them," Dr. Herskovits said. "He is a mixture of that original type with the white and the American Indian. But the inter-marrying which made him what he is today is no longer taking place so frequently as formerly. Nearly one-third of the American negroes have Indian blood in them. But now the mixing has almost stopped. The negro has arrived at a definite and distinct point of physical development. He is a new type."

N. Y. WORLD

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Good Negro Cooking

To the Editor of The World:

Recently there appeared in The World an article in which it was stated that Mme. Genot of Paris was stung by comments of Mrs. Rosa Lewis of London, who extolled American Negro dishes, about the best food in the world. To some extent, as far as my experience goes, the English lady is not so far at fault. When it comes to plain cooking the Negro, at best, is unexcelled; that is, cooking without the frills, such as fowls, lamb, beef, pork, vegetables, macaroni, biscuits, muffins, waffles, cakes and pastries. For that sort of repertory I can produce several Negro men and women whom I wouldn't hesitate to place alongside of the best talent of the French cuisine Mme. Genot may select. I perfectly agree with Mrs. Lewis that good, tasty meats of any sort do not require a sauce or gravy exotic in flavor to make them palatable or even a work of art; that is, to tastes not requiring alcoholic appetizers preceding a meal or along with it.

W. O. THOMPSON.

New York, March 21.

JAN 2 1927

"Hambone's" Quaint Sayings Echo Philosophy of Negro

Ar. as Cartoonist Makes Homely Plantation Darkey
"Meditate and Muse" Himself Into Affection
of Thousands of Americans—Alley's
Anti-Klan Drawing Wins Prize.

Hambone—quaint, homely plantation darkey—is now the daily companion of millions of newspaper readers. He will appear daily in The Times-Dispatch, starting tomorrow. He has "meditated" his way into the affections of the whole country with his musings on a perplexing world dominated by Kunt Bob, Miss Lucy, "de sto-keepuh" and his "old 'oman."

The creator of Hambone, J. P. Alley, cartoonist for the Memphis Commercial Appeal, is one of the few to raise a voice of authority and preserve one of the rich traditions of the Old South, all but forgotten in an age of diversification, county agents, Chambers of Commerce and societies for the advancement of colored people.

Hambone was born in Saline County, Ark., the heart of the State, for that is the birthplace of J. P. Alley, his natal day being January 11, 1855. From earliest childhood, Mr. Alley has seen the small, shambling, out-at-elbows character, later to be called Hambone, and presented to a sophisticated society.

Old Aunt Till, a white handkerchief around her head, a clay pipe in her mouth, and a wealth of Southern negro lore in her memory, first inspired Hambone. Aunt Till portraying a soldier on crutches is dead, but many of the choicest sayings of Hambone were hers through the years she helped "bring up" young "Jim" Alley.

Began Drawing Early.

Mr. Alley began drawing before he had learned how to write. His teachers despaired of staff work on the Commercial Appeal and he has been with that in his books instead of studying newspaper continuously for nearly ten years. He often worked at night and during the lunch hour the elementary schools he did not realize that his real tutors, who were to leave lasting impressions on his mind, were the simple, happy, J. P. Mooney, managing editor, and black folks of the countryside. He "Jim" has been an integral part of the Commercial Appeal ever since.

He is quite proud that the knack Little Rock would afford him in the blood. His father, the deeper education for his life work Rev. John P. Alley, a Methodist minister, was a wood carver of no store and the young clerk from mean talent, and his two boys, J. P., Jr., and Calvin Lane, come home to them, laughing with them from the Bill Hart pictures and their joys and consoling them in sketch their impressions on the

their "miseries."

"I have always loved to be among these people and hear them talk," says Mr. Alley. "There is a fascination about their weird philosophy and a freshness and charm about their language unspoiled by the grammar book. In a street car I always try to sit as near the colored folks as possible and listen in on their conversation. Many times in my eagerness to catch some characteristic phrase I have lingered too long and been told courtously to move up to the front."

But Mr. Alley is not only the creator of Hambone; he is a serious cartoonist, whose work on the Commercial Appeal has won high recognition throughout the country. If the exchanges tell a truthful story, he stands in the front rank of his art in the South and his friends go further than this.

Cartoon Wins Prize.

A few months ago announcement was made that the Commercial Appeal had been awarded the Pulitzer medal for rendering the most conspicuous service of any newspaper for the year in its treatment of the Ku-Klux Klan issue. In the winning of this award the brilliant work of Mr. Alley was no inconspicuous factor. The outstanding cartoon in this series was the one portraying a soldier on crutches for the year in its treatment of the Ku-Klux Klan issue. In the background was a figure in hood and mask looking askance at the "ineligible" soldier whose religion was not "right."

pastedboards sept, in their father's shirts, by the obliging laundryman. Mr. Alley has no deep philosophy about his craftsmanship and he knows that the essence of skillful cartooning, like the essence of any art, cannot be explained.

TERM "JITNEY" TRACED TO LOUISIANA NEGROES

The word "jitney," which has been used intermittently and in various sections of the United States for many years, and which suddenly sprang into general use at the time of the 5-cent busses and flivvers were striving to settle the local traffic problems of many cities, had a curious origin.

A minstrel troupe was playing in Baton Rouge, La., in a theatre where the highest gallery was reserved for negroes. No gallery tickets were sold, a member of the troupe being placed at the door to take cash. The door was in a poorly lighted space; and later the collector discovered two score of plain metal disks the size of a 5-cent piece, that had been passed as nickels.

One of the minstrels showed the disks to a negro, who explained: "Dem's jitneys."

They were jettons—the metal disks used as markers in a gambling house. A negro attendant had stolen the jettons and was passing them as money. The minstrel troupe seized upon the word, and thereafter a 5-cent piece was a jitney, and the word spread until it came into common use.—Liberty.

MORALS AND PUBLICITY

The community has recently been surfeited with scandals and rumors of scandalous conduct on the part of persons who bulk large in its social and intellectual life. Most of the rumors have been laid to rest, or an adjudication has been reached as to matters out of which they arose.

It is strange what universal interest attaches itself to all mat-

ters in which the question of sex is involved. Even those who deprecate sexual impropriety and license devour with the greatest avidity all stories concerned with the relation of the sexes, especially if the persons about whom the stories are circulated happen to enjoy some sort of prominence.

It seems, however, that this has always been the case, from the beginning of recorded history to the present day. It is not peculiar to any race or nation. Only a few weeks ago a book appeared in England which professed to reveal certain episodes of the late William E. Gladstone's private life, and it had an immense sale. About the same time there appeared in this country a book entitled "Revelry" which narrated in the form of fiction some of the scandals of a national administration, and it had and is having an immense sale.

Where the publication of matters of this kind is designed to correct a public evil and to maintain stable moral and ethical standards, it is entirely justifiable. Nothing short of penal servitude is such a deterrent to wrong doing as publicity. It clears the atmosphere. It puts the fear of God in the hearts of many a would-be wrong doer who otherwise would go his unlicensed way without restraint or fear of consequences.

Publicity is beyond all question a great regulator of public morals.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

JAN 23 1927

Historical Background of Gullah

(By Dr. Reed Smith, University of South Carolina, From a Bulletin of the U. S. C.)

Even to those familiar with the American Negro through the medium of either life or literature, the term Gullah is a little-known word for a less-known people. It is applied to a special group-type of Negroes, limited historically and geographically to the sea-islands and the narrow tidewater strip bordering the coast counties of South Carolina and Georgia and a small section of north-east Florida. The language spoken by these Negroes constitutes a patois unique among the dialects of the United States, and differs from the more familiar upland Negro dialect as written by Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, as markedly as those dialects differ from the French Creole of Louisiana and the Mississippi Delta.

Both the word Gullah and the Negroes so named came from the West Coast of Africa, but exactly where has not been agreed upon. There are two widely-held conjectures. One is that Gullah is a shortened form of Angola, the name of an African West Coast district lying south of the Equator and the mouth of the Congo River. A small but positive bit of evidence to this effect is found in an entry of the Charleston City Council, under the year 1822, in which reference is made to "Gullah Jack" and his company of "Gullah or Angola Negroes." This indicates that, rightly or wrongly, as far back as 1822 the official governing body of the City of Charleston regarded Gullah as a corrupted form of Angola.

A second, more probable suggestion is that Gullah comes from the name of the Liberian group of tribes known as Golas living on the West Coast between Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast. These Golas were formerly numerous and powerful, but have now dwindled to a small remnant tribe dwelling some thirty miles inland from Monrovia, the chief seaport of Liberia. "The dialect of the West Coast, from which came these Gullah negroes," says a leading authority on the subject, "was early commented upon as peculiarly harsh, quacking, flat in intonation, quick, clipped, and peculiar even in Africa. Bosman, the Dutch sailor, described its peculiar tonality, and called its speakers the 'quaquas, because they gabbled like geese'."

Whether originally from Angola or from Liberia, these Gullah tribesmen after their enforced immigration to our shores formed a distinct and peculiar group. Their resolute

and persistent nature evidently assisted in impressing their dialectal characteristics on weaker and more plastic Negroes from elsewhere brought in contact with them, and definitely fixed for two hundred years the tonality of the Negro dialect of the Carolina and Georgia coast.

Of equal importance, if that be possible, with the native quality of the Gullah vernacular, was the environment under which they lived in this country. They seem to have been imported, almost exclusively to the sea-islands and coast of two states, South Carolina and Georgia. This section, from Colonial days to the Civil War, was the richest and most cultured of that part of the South. Rice, the chief low-country crop of that day, was extremely lucrative under slave-labor, as was the silky, long-staple sea-island cotton. Large plantations of thousands of acres were the rule, on which the wealthy planters lived in characteristic, often feudal prosperity.

Even today, two generations after the disintegration of the social forces that brought them into existence, there remain impressive traces of these fine old estates, some abandoned and fallen into ruins, a few still kept up, some turned into hunting preserves, some still being farmed on a smaller scale. They stretch in an irregular chain along the coast, inlets, and tidal rivers, each with the gray-weathered dwelling-house in its moss-draped grove of liveoaks; the big barns and slave-quarters off to one side, consisting of a double row of one-story cabins, now in ruins, lining the "street"; square mile after square mile of woodland, marshland, and level fields, once planted to rice, but now with ditches choked banks and dam breached by time and tide, grown up in wild rice and marsh grass; the ideal habitat of deer, duck, bob-white, and wild-turkey—the hunter's paradise.

Before the war, each plantation was a little world apart. The slaves lived together, segregated in their own special quarters. The Negroes outnumbered the whites in the ratio of tens and hundreds to one, and only the house-servants and body-servants came into close contact with their owners. The large majority of field-hands habitually saw only each other, their overseers, and occasionally a white servant. Grandparents, parents, children, and grand-children succeeded each other on the same plantation, growing up under intimate communal relationships but in almost complete isolation from the outside world. Thus their whole body of traditions,

customs, superstitions, language, religion, and mental background remained in a state of arrested development and were handed down practically unchanged.

Racial Inferiority Fallacy, Says Scientist

Alarmists, in recent years, have frequently bemoaned what they term the "mongrelization" of our population as a result of the mingling of the original American stock with immigrants from Europe and Asia which they consider racially inferior. Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University brands such statements fallacies in an article in February Current History.

In the first place, states Professor Boas, the distinctive European types, such as the Latins and Teutons, are themselves the product of the heterogeneous mingling of tribes of the most diverse origins that have swept over Europe from time to time—the identical progress which is going on at a much more rapid rate in the United States.

Then Professor Boas points out the fact that in the case of the European nations, all being branches of a single race, the differences determined by heredity occurring in a given nationality (that is, between the various family lines) are much greater than the differences occurring between different racial groups. "For example, when we compare the inhabitants of England as a whole with the inhabitants of Italy as a whole the similarity in regard to many traits is so great that a considerable number of individuals might belong to either one of these two types." Therefore, it is obviously fallacious to call one such racial group inferior to another.

That the effect of social environment seems to be the most important factor in determining behavior is the conclusion reached by Professor Boas. This is strikingly borne out by the fact that when a family is divided and the branches become members of various nationalities they develop different habits. "The functions of the body, physiological as well as mental," writes Professor Boas, "are determined to a much greater extent by environment than is the case with the anatomical form of the body. The wide range of variety in mental reaction, found in every individual, makes it plausible that with a change of geographical and social environment a thorough modification of function, particularly of mental function, will occur." Accordingly, it is impossible to predict what changes will take place in immigrants that come to this country, and they may well be changes that would alter for the better traits which some consider inferior.

France Adopts Charleston for Official Dances

Diplomats Kick Heels at State Ball.

BY HENRY WALES.

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[Chicago Tribune Press Service.]

PARIS, Jan. 27.—The Charleston today was recognized as decent among official dances and is to be permitted under a French diplomatic protocol. This followed a tryout of the Charleston and Black Bottom at President Gaston Doumergue's winter diplomatic reception at Elysee palace last night, when enthusiastic guests, including many Americans, wriggled their heels, flapped their legs, and kicked around until the small hours of this morning to the strains of a jazz band for the first time since the inauguration of the official receptions.

Yesterday afternoon, after arranging the details of the reception, Andre Fouquieres, director of the protocol, submitted the musical program.

Reading over the dances—waltz, one-step, fox trot, tango—the president asked: "The Charleston—what is that?"

"That is a new American step every one is doing now," replied M. Fouquieres.

"What is it like?" asked President Doumergue, fearful lest the presidential dignity be outraged.

"I think we can find some one here who can do it," replied the director. He found a chambermaid, who gave an exhibition for the president.

The chief executive was hesitant when he noted the amount of stocking displayed, but M. Fouquieres insisted that the party would be ruined and every one would go home instead of dancing if the Charleston was barred.

President Doumergue was reassured last night when he saw diplomats, ministers, ambassadors, generals, and admirals in the contortions of the Charleston, and Marshal Foch, German Ambassador von Roesch, Foreign Minister Briand, and others applauding the efforts of the dancers.

* *

No Fundamental Differences Of Heart Between The White And The Colored Man, Says Rotarian

Claims Misunderstandings Cause Unfriendliness Between Races.

Berkeley, Cal., Jan. 12.—(Pacific Coast News Bureau) "Have you ever thought of the good qualities of the Negro?" was the pertinent question asked the assembled Rotarians at the recent meeting of the Berkeley Rotary Club, by their Chairman Charles Keeler, who is also managing director of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce.

"In the past we have been capitalizing their worst qualities. Why would it not be better to capitalize their best points?" asked Mr. Keeler. "There is need for a greater understanding between the white and dark races. It is only misunderstanding which causes any feeling other than friendliness. Kipling was wrong when he said 'East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.' The differences between races are differences of custom only; there is no fundamental difference of heart between the white and colored man."

Brotherhood of Man.

"The advancement of understanding, good will and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men unite in the Rotary ideal of service" the sixth object of the Rotary Clubs Mr. Keeler explained and told his audience of Rotarians from San Francisco, Oakland, Portland and other points, and that their object boiled down meant the "Brotherhood of Man."

Negroes Here To Stay.

Referring to the idea of some people that the race problem could be settled by having the Negroes in the United States colonize in Liberia, Mr. Keeler said, "There are some eleven or twelve million Negroes in the United States and if they were to leave at the rate of a steamer load of 1,154 each week, only the increase would be leaving. This shows the impracticability of the plan. They were brought here as slaves and they are here to stay."

"Moreover the Negroes are coming from the South into the North" Mr. Keeler continued. "They want more freedom and a better life which they

find in the North. So the South is now becoming worried, the attitude of the Southerner is changing and he is treating the Negro better because he does not want to lose the working population of his section."

Eulogizes Berkeley Negroes.

Mr. Keeler gave many interesting facts about the colored people in Berkeley as developed by a Chamber of Commerce survey recently made. This showed that there are 700 Negroes in Berkeley and the same number of Japanese, Chinese number 279 and there is a sprinkling of other oriental nationalities.

"The Negroes coming to Berkeley are the finest of the Race," declared Mr. Keeler. "They come here because Berkeley is a superior City, one in which they find the most advantages for culture. Sixty-one per cent own their own homes here, and ninety per cent have books and buy good periodicals. They have good homes, good gardens, and are good citizens. Very few Negroes made any trouble. In Berkeley their children receive nine months of schooling as against three in the South."

Capitalize Best Qualities.

"It is Berkeley's problem to establish just and satisfactory relations between the white and Negro population. So far, only the covenant plan has been proposed. But this is a selfish and non-constructive policy. Have you ever thought of the good qualities of the Negroes? They are genial, good-natured, fond of music and they make the best and gentlest of nurses. Why would it not be better to capitalize their best points? Take for instance their natural love for music, and develop it. The right man should form a choral society of Negroes in Berkeley that would be a source of pleasure and benefit to the community."

Suggests Distinctive Architecture.

"Under the proper leadership it might be possible to develop a distinctive architecture in the section which they occupy. For instance the architecture of Algiers in which the Negroes' love of color was emphasized would be a step in which Berkeley might set an example to the whole world."

"We have in Berkeley a cultured Negro lady who is making a research into Negro lore. There are many college graduates among them here, and the only reason some of them do not stand out in a cultural way to a greater extent is that no one will give them anything but common labor to do."

CRIMELESS AFRICANS

RACE OF PIGMIES FOUND TO BE ALMOST WITHOUT CRIME — PAPUANS ARE SIX-FOOTERS AND HANDSOME

A lost race, remnant of barbarism harking back to the Stone Age, was discovered in Dutch New Guinea by the Stirling-Smithsonian expedition, headed by Prof. Matthew W. Stirling, curator of the division of ethnology, Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who arrived here yesterday and, for the first time in many months, set foot on American soil.

Penetrating hundreds of miles into the island, which is 1780 miles long and 600 miles wide, traversing ground never before trod by whites, the expedition uncovered far up among rugged mountains contains thousands of pigmies, a people almost without crime and with no organized government, yet sincere and friendly.

Not Cannibals

Vague and fragmentary rumor that undersized cannibals and head hunters roamed fastnesses of New Guinea now has been set at rest by the expedition, which brings to the outside world a fair picture of aborigines whose diet of flesh seldom goes beyond kangaroo or domesticated wild pig.

The Papuans

The Papuans, a tribe of six-footers encountered nearer the coast, interposed determined objection and their monster arrows at intervals drifted in clouds above and among the party. Papuans are of negro type and of light color and Prof. Stirling describes the tribe as strikingly prepossessing and with tradition of partaking of human flesh. As the airplane hovered above a pigmy village, set on stilts and thatched voluminously, the little fellows, pot-bellied and beekneed, hardly four feet tall, threw themselves on the ground and buried their heads as in abject terror.

Hardly Any Crime

Crime, as far as Prof. Stirling observed, does not exist among these people and all differences are adjusted by the head man of the village composed of a family where the roof tree embraces several generations. Disputes between tribes sometimes

occur and war is the outcome, but the Papuans, in opinion of the explorers, have not in many years invaded the pigmy domain, possibly because of the inaccessible mountains surrounding it and the terrifically difficult passes are constantly guarded by the stoutest warriors among tens of thousands that the pigmies muster.

Lecturer Designates Negro as "Most Unusual Race in History."

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 12.—(ANP)

A graphic lecture illustrated by stereopticon views, showing the Negro race as the origin of present races of the earth is being given by Mr. Hugh H. Gordon, a noted lecturer

of the city. They are being held at the various large Negro churches of the city. He traces the Negro from Booker T. Washington back through the various ages of history to the Pyramids and the Pyramid builders, showing the past, lost culture, and the future of the race. Considerable interest is being shown in collegiate circles and his revelations are being followed closely by the educators.

BLACK MAN'S NO DIFFERENT FROM WHITE

SAYS PROF. HOERNLE

New York, Feb. 25.—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth Avenue, has received a copy of the January 1927 Journal of Philosophical Studies, containing an essay by Professor R. F. Alfred Hoernle on the black man's mind. As a result of evidence derived from studies of the Bantu peoples of Africa, Prof. Hoernle concludes there is no reason for supposing any essential difference to exist between the white and the black man's mind.

"As regards power to assimilate the white man's civilization" writes Professor Hoernle, "the available evidence is for rather than against, the Bantu. On the material side, detribalized natives, living in town-locations, are rapidly acquiring the white man's standards of life, in respect of clothing, housing, furniture, games, etc. just as they are steadily acquiring the skill to use the white man's tools and machine—else whites would not find

it necessary to erect 'color-bars.'

"On the spiritual side, let alone the spread of Christianity among them, individuals have successfully sought and achieved higher education and a professional training in Europe and America. There are, e. g., some five or six medical men in the (South African) Union who are of pure Bantu descent; who have acquired their professional qualifications at Edinburgh and other good medical schools who count both Europeans and Natives among their patients; and whose professional conduct has never been impugned by the General Medical Council."

Reciting the handicaps imposed by Europeans upon the native, and the obstacles in leaving one culture behind in order to conform to another, Professor Hoernle says: 'Anyone watching the Native's progress at the present day with eyes not utterly unsympathetic will marvel rather that it should be going on at such a rate.'

JAN 27 1927

Superstitions Emanating From Southern Negroes

A writer in The Nation's Health, blew on the burn was, 'I saw him wal- Annie L. Moore, a school principal ofloding in his blood; he asked me to Ridgeway, Va., asserts that "one of heal him and so I did," repeated three the most potent factors in retarding times.

the physical, mental and moral de- "There was a similar ceremony by velopment of many people of the which some claimed to stop blood, but South, is superstition. Until very re- I never learned that. It was not nec- cently its influence was over every essary for them to see the sufferer. phase of life from the cradle to the They repeated their rigmarole, told grave, from religion to the planting the father to go back home and he of crops."

If this superstition were just folk- lore, she says, it would only be inter- esting and weird, but the people, es- pecially the rural people, believe it.

"So long as it relates to planting potatoes on the dark of the moon so the moles won't find them," she adds, "or making soap on the full of the moon lest it all dwindle away, no real harm is done, but on many occa- sions children and older people suffer for medical attention on account of some superstitious belief. There are many maimed, blind and lame and some in the graveyards today on ac- count of the superstitious belief of some person or persons. They say, we got it from the negroes; if so, it was too big a price to pay for slav- ery."

Here are some of the superstitions prevalent in Virginia, according to the writer:

"On one occasion I told a neighbor woman how badly my uncle had cut his foot, and she said, 'If he had just thought about it and stuck the axe in the ground the blood would have stopped instantly.'

"I knew an old man, a Confederate veteran, whom people believed to have power to 'blow out fire.' If a child were burned they did not send for a physician, but for this old man. He would mutter some gibberish and blow on the burn. I wanted to find out what he said, so I grew very friendly with him. He told me long Civil War stories and finally said he would tell me how to 'blow out fire,' but I must never tell it to a woman. I have never told it from that day till this. What he muttered as he

the south shares with other sec- tions many superstitions which de- light lovers that we would not will- ingly let die. Many girls spread their handkerchiefs on the grass the last evening in April and return early on the May morning expecting to find the initials of some one written in dew. Boys and girls tie knots in cedar twigs and name them. If the knots grow, so does the love of the one whose name it bears. They pull the petals from the daisy, saying: 'He loves me a lit- tle, very much, not at all.'

"The pity of it is, though, that most superstitions are not of this type. When the pig's tail is cut off to save a barrel of corn because it takes a barrel of corn to fatten the tail, or the calf is weaned according to the signs of the zodiac it really doesn't matter, but in many families of the South the same rule is applied to the weaning of baby, as the calf, and any illness resulting from improper feed- ing at such a time is not referred to a physician, but is believed to be caus- ed because the 'signs' were a few days or hours wrong.

"In Virginia, a bird flying in the house is regarded as a sign of death, as is the hoot of an owl. Should any one die, these signs are remembered and told for years. If the body is limber after death, some member of the family is expected to soon follow. They often do within from one to twenty years. We cannot conceive of any one being glad to possess a boil, yet they are said to be worth \$5 each, for they 'take the impurities out of the blood.' If a child's nose bleeds some one runs to get a bunch of keys to put down its back to stop it. If a person with an amputated limb ap- parently suffers cramps or pain in the missing member it is because it is buried in a cramped position and it must be taken up and straightened.

"As superstition is not altogether of the past, neither is it confined en- tirely to the rural sections. Only re- cently I saw a little girl, who lives on a fashionable street of a beautiful town, with her foot tied up. She said, 'I jumped on a plank and stuck three nails in my foot.' I told her, 'You had better have a doctor see that foot,' to which she replied, 'Oh, no, Mrs. — told me to grease the nails and put them over the door and my foot would soon be well.' A dress- maker in a city for 30,000 refused to begin a dress for me on Friday morn- ing, though I wanted it very badly for the following Sunday."

FEB 1927 Circumstances Back of Negroes' Interview With Harris Related

The following was received by The News Friday:

The article appearing in a re- cent issue of The Dallas News con- cerning the appearance of a com- mittee of negro representatives of seven negro organizations of Dal- las at the office of Commissioner John C. Harris in quest of his at- titude toward the several phases of the negro question in Dallas if elected to the Mayoralty in the coming municipal election is some- what misleading to the public.

As to our appearance, we only accepted invitations from the spokesman, not knowing the pur- pose.

So far as we are concerned there was no organized effort on the part of the several negro organiza- tions referred to authorizing such a committee movement, for we al- ready had that information from the Commissioner himself in our study of him along with the rest of our city officials.

We are firm believers in organ- ized efforts and movements for- ward for adequate improvements and general preservation of the rights of all citizens, but for the sake of public fairness, let the or- ganizations function, combine their forces, and jointly select their rep- resentatives to intercede for the public welfare.

W. E. CLARKE,
W. K. FLOWERS M. D.

COLORED WOMEN MODEST

A BIT OF CONTRAST

(Washington Times, Jan. 1927)
A WASHINGTON colored woman A COOK, 60 years old, found HER INNER feelings and BECAUSE of her modesty, refused to tear off or permit the clothing to be torn off to extinguish the fire, policemen and firemen having to disrobe her by force to keep her from burning to death; and, in contrast to her conduct, we recall the white girl who stripped off everything and took a bath in a tub filled with wine, for the delectation of white men and women in New York under the direction of a roll, who is not likely to ever forget the affair.

Ohio State Prof. Laughs at "Race Superiority"

Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 25.—No logi- cal reason exists for discrimination between different races since science agrees there is no underlying in- feriority of people, Dr. Herbert A. Miller of the sociology department of Ohio State University told members of the Interracial society Thursday. "Racial problems are cultural," Dr. Miller declared. "There is no bio- logical, psychological or ethical dif- ference and no indisputable proof of inferiority among people," he con- tinued.

AFRICAN CHILD MORE

COURTEOUS THAN AMERICAN

More Dignified, Better Behaved With More Respect for Elders, Says White Missionary.

Oakland, Calif., April 12.— (Pacific Coast News Bureau)—

"In their respect for age, in their regard for their elders, and their courtesy toward them, the chil- dren of African Negroes are as far ahead of American children in that respect as light is ahead of day in brilliancy," said W. E. Kirby, white missionary of this city, recently in an address before the Methodists Men's Club at their monthly meeting. "The children," said he, "always bow when they meet elders, await their pleasure in everything and know that they are made to be seen and not heard. Such things as disrespect and dis- courtesy are absolutely unheard of on their part."

Natives Dignified.

"These Negroes are more dig- nified and formal than Piedmont society," said Mr. Kirby as he de- tailed the meeting of the men and their conversations. "They bow, shake hands, stand apart, straight as an arrow, talk formally ten minutes, and then only do they become as normal Americans. Beautiful baskets, wonderfully made, were shown, and a small hacking hatchet with which they cut down trees was a wonder to look at. Native rope pounded out of bark, looked as good as our best. The Negroes use tooth brushes to the limit, and have the finest teeth in the world, accord- ing to Mr. Kirby. The brushes are made out of a certain kind of wood that splinters very fine, and the natives will travel four days

to get that particular wood. They have all the time for everything they want to do, and they never hurry. The men dance with the men, the women with the women. A man has as many wives as he wants, and the more he has the richer he is, for he makes them work for him. A hippopotamus hide whip, one of which was shown, hangs in every home and the man uses it occasionally. When the Negro accepts Christianity, he gives his wife a place at the table—never done otherwise—and treats her better than some Americans do.

Simple Children of Nature.

Mr. Kirby was located years at a point 70 miles from the nearest white settlement one way, 400 miles in another, 800 to 900 miles in another and 300 miles south. The nearest dentist was twelve days away, and the nearest doctor or nurse four days. His own little son did not see a doctor until he was three years old. He found the natives of this region "simple children of nature," and anything but the animals they are believed to be. The man is master of all he surveys and the woman is little more than a slave—she does all the work, and the only agricultural tool they have is a sort of small pick and shovel combined. They raise enormous quantities of sweet potatoes, and the women are able to carry close to 100 pounds of them on her head and shoulders.

Black Man's Mind Is No Different From Caucasian

New York, Feb. 25.—Journal of Philosophical Studies for January contains an essay by Professor R. F. Alfred Hoernle on the black man's mind. As a result of evidence derived from studies of the Bantu peoples of Africa, Professor Hoernle concludes there is no reason for supposing any essential difference to exist between the white and the black man's mind.

"As regards power to assimilate the white man's civilization," said Professor Hoernle, "the available

evidence is for, rather than against the Bantu. On the material side, de-tribalized natives, living in town locations, are rapidly acquiring the white man's standards of life, in respect to clothing, housing, furniture, games, etc., just as they are steadily acquiring the skill to use the white man's tools and machines. The whites would not find it necessary to erect 'color-bar'."

"On the spiritual side, let alone the spread of Christianity among them, individuals have successfully sought and achieved higher education and a professional training in Europe and America. There are, e. g., some five or six medical men in the South African Union who are of pure Bantu descent, who have acquired their professional qualifications at Edinburgh and other good medical schools, who count both Europeans and natives among their patients, and whose professional conduct has never been impugned by the General Medical Council."

Reckling the handicaps imposed by Europeans upon the native, and the obstacles in leaving one culture behind in order to conform to another, Professor Hoernle says: "Anyone watching the native's progress at the present day with eyes not utterly unsympathetic will marvel rather that it should be going on at such a rate."

The essential difference between white and black at present, Professor Hoernle believes to be due to different social traditions and not in any way caused by differences in type or degree of intellectual capacity.

Dixie Four at the Capitol, Hazleton, Pa.

NEGLECTED NEGRO ARTISTS

So much has been said and written recently about Negro music and the renaissance of Negro literature, that we are likely to forget another artistic field in which the Negro has for years been a leader. Nor has this leadership been recently acquired. The leading authorities in the field acclaim them as artists and sing their praise to the four corners of the earth, and have done so for the last century or two. We refer to the culinary art. That cookery is an art is outside the realm of argument, and to those who have the temerity to dissent, we shall arrogantly reply that they do not know what they are talking about.

What cooks, may we ask, can do more with the fowl, the fish, the chop and the steak? Can the culinary artists of any other race or nationality make vegetables, pastry and biscuits more palatable? The echo answers, Nay. Only recently, Mrs. Rosa Lewis, the famous London cook called American Negro dishes the best cooked food in the world, and to the vigorous denial of Mme. Genot, a noted French cook, Mr. W. O. Thompson, a white authority of New York says:

"To some extent as far as my experience goes, the English lady is not so far at fault. When it comes to plain cooking the Negro, at best, is unexcelled; that is, cooking without the frills, such as fowls, lamb, beef, pork, vegetables, macaroni, biscuits, muffins, waffles, cakes and pastries. For that sort of repertory I can produce several Negro men and women whom I wouldn't hesitate to place alongside of the best talent of the French cuisine Mme. Genot may select. I perfectly agree with Mrs. Lewis that good tasty meats of any sort do not require a sauce or gravy exotic in flavor to make them palatable or even a work of art, that is not to tastes requiring alcoholic appetizers preceding a meal or along with it."

Mr. Thompson is absolutely correct. Foreign dishes with their messy sauces of a thousand different descriptions designed to spur jaded appetites to swallow tainted food, cannot be compared, or even mentioned in the same breath, with the simple, savory works of culinary art that the Negro cook invented and popularized. There are thousands of these experts delighting every day hundreds of thousands of people who enjoy wholesome, well-cooked food. Not one of them may ever get the Spingarn Medal or the Harmon Award, but that will hardly affect their preeminence, always nationally, and now, internationally acknowledged.

We have had histories of the Negro Church, of Negro Soldiers, of Negro Literature, and whatnot. Is it not time that some of the New Negro writers paid similar tribute to the Negro Cook?

West Indian Writer Hits "Blue Vein" Worshipers Who Take Pride In Illegitimate Ancestry

Says American White Man's Policy of Forcing All Shades Into One Group Will Be Salvation of Race.

By J. A. ROGERS

(Editorial Note: This is the last of Mr. Rogers' articles written exclusively for The Pittsburgh Courier before he sailed on February 22, for North Africa. The Courier expects to publish his first article from abroad at an early date. Mr. Rogers himself is of mixed blood.)

NEW YORK, March 17.—Speaking recently to a group of white students, I told them that there was something about the possession of color prejudice by white people that amused me immensely, since I had met colored people who could beat them at their own game.

I told them about the West Indies, and the Island of Jamaica, in particular, where instead of two color casts as in the United States, there are three: white, colored and black.



J. A. Rogers

This can be noted in all census reports of the islands. There, the whites, a very small minority not a total of five per cent of the two million or so people in the British West Indies, have deliberately taught the people of mixed blood, — "colored" — as they are called, that they are better than the blacks giving them the preference in such governmental jobs that are given the natives. Some years ago, civil service examinations were abolished in Jamaica and appointments by the governor substituted. The reason for this was that there were too many blacks getting in. The blacks constitute at least 85 per cent of the population of that island.

Whiteness in the West Indies, as in America, and South Africa, is a system of exploitation, and in order to keep on top the whites, few in number, very cleverly seized on the nearest shades of color to themselves, the mulattoes, and erected them into a superior caste—a caste, not equal with themselves, of course, but a little lower than the angels. And because the mulattoes are just as much human as the whites, the blacks, the pinks, or any other shade of humanity, they seized on this squalid form of distinction, eagerly manifesting toward the blacks the snobbishness one might find in a Southern Cracker who objects to the presence of a Negro in a Pullman or a public dining room. There is, of course, the fact that the black West Indian can not be legally barred in his home—a condition that perhaps makes it all the more exasperating for many of the near-whites.

I could give innumerable instances of this color prejudice on the part of mulattoes toward black, but will confine myself to a single instance. I can well recall as a boy of seven, in Jamaica, a certain mulatto, who was so injudicious as to follow his heart and marry a black woman was pointed out to me as a horrible example of a social misfortune. This man's family was simply not received by its colored relatives, just as in America, if the man were white, his family would not be received by his white relatives. Of course this is not to say such is always the case. Some few white foreigners have married black largely by using the mulattoes as have been received in their husband's circles. The "pure" white in the West Indies, broadly speaking, belongs to the local aristocracy.

And so, after citing this and other instances, I said to the group of white students: "Now if looking down upon other people because of color is a smart thing to do, how can the white American be so superior when the West Indian

Negro whom he would look down upon can equal, even eclipse him in doing the same thing?"

In America, more than once a mulatto male has told me that he would never think of marrying a black woman. Here, however, because the whites are numerous, and have no need of mulattoes to bolster up their system of exploitation, the dictum is that if one has "one drop" of so-called Negro blood he is a Negro. Hence all the different complexions of Negroes are thrown together, willy-nilly. In the West Indies the man with "a drop" and even more would be inclined to repudiate indignantly his Negro ancestry, while in America he will often gladly acknowledge it. This, however, is not because he is a superior moral creature, but because his interest lies forcibly with the Negro group. If he were discovered among the whites he would be cast out with no other refuge but the Negro caste.

In the West Indies the light-colored girl will rarely think of marrying a black man. In America the tendency is the other way about. It is a common sight to see colored women as white as many white people, married to a black man. Perhaps the reason for this is that since whiteness is the standard of beauty and economic preference in America, for both Negroes and Caucasians, the black man picks out the light woman so that in the event of children, the latter will start life with less handicaps than himself.

And so race prejudice helps to break down the very caste system so hard to maintain, for it thus brings about a perpetual lightening of color, which in its final analysis serves to increase the number of near-whites who "cross over." There is this one thing to be thankful for about ignorance; it never fails to defeat its own ends.

After all the American method of dark men marrying light women is better, because it helps to destroy that inter-color caste which is the bane of Negro progress in the West Indies. The Negroes there, as was said, outnumber the whites nineteen to one, yet the whites remain on top largely by using the mulattoes as of the fire.

In some parts of America, notably in the West Indies, broadly speaking, Richmond, Washington and Charleston, there are so-called blue-veined societies, but these are not only ridiculous, but pathetic. Pride of family as it exists among the whites, and other peoples, has as its basis so-called legitimacy—it is founded on marriage. Trace, however, the ancestry of almost every

one of these "blue-veins" and it goes back to illegitimacy, to the union of a black woman and a white man, so that in every instance when a lighter-colored person looks down upon a darker-colored person, and refuses to acknowledge him as an equal, that light-colored person is really despising himself, or to be exact, despising a part of himself. And if a house divided against itself cannot stand, how can an individual divided against himself ever hope to?

Speaking of pride of ancestry, whether it be descent from white people, from kings, dukes or other warts on the body politic, it is usually a sign of the inferiority complex. As some wit once said: "The man who boasts of his ancestry is like a potato plant; the best part of him is underground."

The great curse of this color situation, not only in West Indies, but in America, is that the average Negro thinks white. The white man so acts as to make the Negro feel that it is whiteness of skin in itself, that has put him temporarily on top, and many Negroes, dead from the jaw-bone up, swallow that falsehood whole. As I pointed in my book—"From 'Super-Man' to Man," if whiteness of skin alone counted for anything, then a side of pork hanging in a butcher shop was equal to a white man; for both are of the same color. As I said then, there are few Caucasian beauties who can equal the rosy, dainty freshness of a newly shaved sucking-pig. As to hair, there never yet was a monkey without straight hair, and their lips. Many gorillas have hair as red and as silky as an Irish beauty. Many apes have faces as white as any white person, hence the little African boy mentioned in Darwin's "Decent of Man," certainly knew what he was talking about when he exclaimed on seeing a white man: "Look at the white man! Does he not look like a white ape?"

After all, no matter what differences may exist among Negroes, political, religious, commercial, individual, there is one point on which nearly every one can agree, namely, the desire for justice and opportunity. Hence, it seems to me, that the intelligent thing to do is to get together on this point, even if it be necessary to hold on to the other differences. But of these differences, to finish where we began, the most monkeyified, with apologies to the monkey, is that of taking pride in sharing the ancestry of the oppressor—a trait, it seems, that is peculiar only to Negroes.

WHAT, NO NEGRO DIALECT?

Some matter of fact skeptic every now and then seeks to destroy the favorite beliefs of mankind by proving that the facts are against them. Santa Claus has been declared a myth, the story of William Tell shooting the apple from his little son's head has been discredited and George Washington is no longer regarded as a juvenile destroyer of cherry trees, but rather as an opponent of the Eighteenth amendment. And now on top of these disillusionments, comes Prof. Edwin D. Johnson of Kittrell College, North Carolina, who in the July number of Opportunity, tells us we must definitely discard the belief that there is a Negro dialect.

Prof. Johnson admits that there are three dialects now being used that are said to be of Negro origin: The Gullah dialect found in the rice fields of South Carolina and Georgia, the dialects of Eastern Virginia and those of the inland sections of Virginia and Georgia. These have become widely known through the writings of Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris, but they look stranger in print than they sound and do not differ from many other dialects peculiar to American English. These dialects were not invented by the Negro says Prof. Johnson, but were inherited from a low stratum of white society. Many of the words can be traced back to pure old English, as Prof. Johnson demonstrates by apposite quotations from authors of the sixteenth century.

The dialect of the New Orleans Negro, as set down in the works of George W. Cable, is defined as the result of his attempt to adjust himself to two cultures, with corrupted French words and English idioms modeled on the French equivalents. Taking language of these various types, as phonetically recorded by Harris, Page and Cable, Prof. Johnson suggests that the speech of the whites if transcribed with the same attention to sounds, would give the same results. He

refers to Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," as being remarkably like the dialect of Uncle Remus while the speech of the poor mountain whites in Miss Murfree's stories of Tennessee is found to closely resemble the dialect of Harris.

It is also asserted by Prof. Johnson that the introduction of African slavery into the early colonies had but little effect upon the language spoken by the whites and that through the years the Negro has lost his linguistic heritage brought from Africa. But few words of African origin survive in English as it is spoken in this country. Among those mentioned are goober and pindar for peanut, gumbo, okra, voodoo, yam, banjo and these are no longer credited to their original sources, most of them being in common use.

While Prof. Johnson may have taken some of the joy out of life for the writers of Negro dialect stories and the singers of Spirituals, he has opened a field for further research and investigation. His article on the speech of the American Negro Folk will repay the student of languages and interest the general reader, who has hitherto taken Negro dialect as an article of faith.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

JUN 5 1921

Ned Adams's "Congaree Sketches."

Here we have, at last, in this group of 54 very brief sketches, etched with dry point and to the palpitating life, the real Negro of the field and swamp. He is not the made-up Negro the masqueraded and synthetic Negro of most of the so-called Negro stories. He is the sort of Negro that his own kin and color would at once call "nigger"... "pyo nigger"... and nothing else.

And he is not the Negro of the Black Border, the Gullah; nor the Negro of Harris, nor of Julia Peterkin, nor of DuBose Heyward. To see him one must plunge into the slime and mud of the Congaree Swamps or creep about their tangled edges and then know what to look for—the Negro brutalized into a semi-civilization yet not purged of his African inheritance of voodoo and fetish and conjuh. Let this Negro forget, as he

would in a week, his little scrappy English speech, and throw him back into the Kongo jungles—and he would hardly know he had ever left them. He is still a portion of Africa, torn from her side, the flesh still dripping with dark blood.

Dr. Adams has not, thank God, undertaken to write a book, such as Professor Paul Green seems to think, in his marvelously written Introduction, that he has, to show what the Negro has in him for the future of the race. There is no "race" or problem or sociology or ethnology in any single line or word of these stories. They are purely the record, artistically and beautifully and lovingly done, of what this certain type of Negro thinks about, talks about, and how he does both. We are given, in a curt, crisp, brilliant portraiture, the actual nigger as he may be seen in this particular region—and nowhere else.

There are two things we wish to get off our mind before further consideration of the stories themselves. These stories and their opulent if compressed content are the only things worth real consideration—the rest is all but leather or prunello.

The stories are immense, lovely things, each an artistic triumph. Although this is an edition de luxe, down in the glossary at every line—from the University of North Carolina press, there is an air of cluttered and understood, with no word about the book, the stories being that is correctly pronounced arbitrated too closely together. They would have gained tremendously in effectiveness if each had been started order: the Hopkins Nigger, Sunning on the page, and no two stories on Bird, the Old Sister group, the Lake the same page. This would have given of the Dead, Murder versus Liquor, a certain spaciousness to the volume, Ole Man Rogan, Big Charleston, the and made it look more like \$5, besides giving to each sketch a decorous margin.

The Introduction, a pretentious grandiose affair by Paul Green, author of "In Abraham's Bosom" and other things, holds itself grandly aloof and remote from the Sketches and from the entire terrain. It never approaches within telescopic vision of the actual scene or of the real Negro that Dr. Adams is drawing for us with a vigor and fidelity that has not before been equaled. Of this Negro, and what he represents in his own habitat and range, what is his speech and his soul, Dr. Green has not, so far as we may learn from his Introduction, the remotest notion. He seems to be endeavoring to bring Dr. Adams's work in line with that of DuBois, Paul Robeson, Countee Cullen, Stribling, Van Vechten; but these men are in an entirely sundered world. They are removed from Adams and his field of labors farther than Dives was from Lazarus.

The Introduction clogs the little batch of fine sketches like a bundle of wet blankets. It is the most inept, unrelated, alien thing we can recall ever seeing attached to something else. It would have been far better to have avoided an apparent effort to annex the book to the work of the University of North Carolina—for it has absolutely no relation to it—and sent it forth with no Introduction at all, or with a few enlightened words, such as George Coffin Taylor writes for the jacket.

The reader of these spirited sketches, pastels of a new genre, would do best to begin with the brief reference to the Congaree Swamp in the author's short "Word List," page 111, and read the first of the Sketches, "The Big Swamps of the Congaree." These will give the precise scene and atmosphere of the whole. Take this: ...way down on de Congaree; wey God's mornin' leads to de devil's night; down on de river, where night makes her sign, where owls on a dead limb talks of de dead and laughs like de dead, way down in de big swamps of de Congaree; down where de blunt-tailed moccasin crawls in de grass, where de air is stink wid he smell, where de water is green, where de worms is spewed out of de groun', where de groun' is mud, where de trees sweat like a man.

The stories are easy to read—no perplexing spelling that must be run down in the glossary at every line—but a plain system that is readily followed and understood, with no word that is correctly pronounced arbitrarily changed into "dialect." Among the best of the stories are, in their order: the Hopkins Nigger, Sunning on the page, and no two stories on Bird, the Old Sister group, the Lake the same page. This would have given of the Dead, Murder versus Liquor, a certain spaciousness to the volume, Ole Man Rogan, Big Charleston, the and made it look more like \$5, besides giving to each sketch a decorous margin.

Of the verse, part spiritual and part related to spirituals, we can not speak in quite so favorable terms. Much of it is good and some of it exceedingly characteristic of the Negro's mind and attitude toward life. This is always touched with religion and aflame with zeal, and he is, like John Milton, "smit with the love of sacred song." It is hardly possible, therefore, not to bring this side of his nature into the picture. In the verse called Fragment of a Negro Sermon, there are some very fine lines and some very subtle thinking along the Negro's mind and heart. Dr. Adams catches all the unmistakable glory and power of the Negro's repetitions and windings. Take the recurrent play upon the

phrase "he sleeps" in this Fragment: Our brother is dead; He rests from he labor. (Shrill voice of sister) He sleeps Oh, he sleeps! Wey de tall pines grow, On de banks of a river

All through the "Sermon" is interwoven "he sleeps...banks of a river...wey de tall pines grow; close; finely with Standing on mountains of rest; An' he sleeps wey de tall pines grow On the banks of a river.

This crashing music of the forest tom-toms, and the created air of haunted scenes and a spirit-laden atmosphere, have, no doubt, a tremendous and resistless effect.

The stories, Primus, and De Law Got Simon, are lovely examples of handling in the right spirit and perfect tempo of a real Negro "situation," always drenched with tragedy and always with something of the inmitigableness of the Negro's fate and always something very close to the ludicrous—as near (and as far) as the ridiculous is to the sublime.

In De Law Got Simon, after the usual Negro salutations—Gentlemen...How do, Scip?...Sorter slow, and so on, Scip says:

Is you hear de news?
Voice: We ain't hear no news; tell us, brother.
Scip: Well, de law got Simon.
Voice: Who got Simon?
Scip: De law got Simon.
Voice: How come? What he do?
Scip: Kilt a white 'ooman.
Voice: How come he kilt a white 'ooman?
Scip: I ain't know, an' if I know I ain't say. All I say Simon kilt a white 'ooman and de law got him... He ain't say nothin' kaze he heart black and he mind white an' de law got Simon.
Voice: Have Mercy!
Second Voice: Dey ain't no mercy!
Third Voice: Jesus!
Fourth Voice: God have mercy!
Scip: Ain't I tell you de law got Simon?

This ends, as so many Negro voices and visions end, upon a note of utter dejection and despair. The fates, in this world and sky of the Blacks, are all against the Negro, and he knows it, and it muddies the dark current of his song and embitters his soul. Doctor Adams brings this terrific situation, as frightful

and as inevitable as a Sophoklean tragedy, with fine effect and power into The Lake of the Dead, Murder vs Liquor, Ole Man Rogan, and Sunning on the Golden Stair; but it is in almost every sketch, it is so bitten-in a part of the Negro himself. Murder vs Liquor is a rip-roaring satire on "Enforcement" of the Prohibition Law... "De law got de right to go in anybody house, day or night,

rouse him out, and kill him if he try to fend he-self. All de officer got to do is to tell de jedge he were huntin' liquor...de jedge, an' de law mus' be helt up."

In Ole Man Rogan Doctor Adams tells the sort of story of slavery days that makes Darrow take off his hat and apologize to every negro he meets for being a white man! Rogan used to buy man and wife and mother and child, then sell them apart...

...he always buy 'ooman wid chil-lun, and 'ooman wid husband, and ain't nobody can buy from Ole Man Rogan mother and child or man and 'ooman. He great pleasure been to part. He always love to take er baby away from he ma and sell it, and take he ma somewhere else and sell her, and ain't luh 'em see one another again.

In the stirring story of a "hot supper" jamboree, called Big Charleston, Doctor Adams draws a character somewhat of the same breed as DuBose Heyward's big and bad nigger "Crown," the lover of Crown's Bess. It is probable—almost certain—that Doctor Adams's story was written first, but Heyward's story was published earlier. There is nothing, however, to suggest borrowings in either. The thing to note is, that the portrait in each case is so true to nigger nature, and to this type of bad nigger as to make each picture fuller and completer and larger. The Bad Nigger will soon be as much in evidence in Southern folk-literature and "perusing" the folk-ways of the Black Belt as the Bad Man in the Wild West tales.

Doctor Adams has perfected a little masterpiece in his own field, and in his own technique. Here he has no superior or equal. He knows precisely what he wishes to do, and does it with no loss of a single chip or grain of his marble, or a bit of dust from his dry-point.

These sketches are models of a brevity that is not too curt, but stops promptly at the right spot. They will live. They are quick. If you crushed one of them in your hand it would bleed.

Racial Characteristics-1927

Mrs. Barton Says:

—By—
OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON
NEA Service Writer.

Dorothy Walworth Carman's sketch called "Every Thursday" in a recent magazine is an inspiration in humanity.

She tells of an old colored washerwoman, who, in spite of a hornet's nest of trouble at home, is a philosopher and an optimist.

But she has her off days, has Alfaretta, when the clothes are not so clean. Taken to task one day she remarked, "Some days, Mis' Ca'man, ah ain' jes' up to it. Some days ah ain' in the mood. Othah days I jes loves the soap an' watah. Them days when ah'm rubbin' on the wash bo'd, ah says, 'Ain' nobody can git clothes so clean as you, Alfaretta? But othah days ah says 'Why are you rubbin, them fool clothes so clean? We all be in the graveyard in the twinklin' of an eye.' * * * Them days yo socks is streaked, ma'am."

Temperament! says Mrs. Carman, who acknowledges that by patience and tact, she received not only faithful service but much more that money could not buy, from her faithful woman-by-the-day.

In contrast, you are told of a neighbor who employed the same colored woman, but who soon dismissed her as worthless and called her a "nuisance."

The neighbor, no doubt, had taken exception to the temperamental days when the "socks were streaked."

But someway, human beings will be human beings and they cannot always help things. The Golden Rule isn't a bad thing to remember, particularly if you are a nervous or temperamental person yourself.

TRACES HUMAN RACE TO AFRICAN 'SOURCE'

A. W. Pond Tells of Discovery of Bones of 60,000 B. C. and Stone Age Implements.

BACKS DR. COLLIE'S THEORY

Director of Beloit Expedition to Algeria Says Finds Show the Connection With Europe.

The finding a few weeks ago of the skull and many of the bones of a child of about 60,000 B. C. in a pre-

historic deposit forming a camp site of an early human race at Mechta-el-Arbi, Algeria, was announced yesterday by Alonzo W. Pond, Director of the Logan African expedition of Beloit College, who returned on the Leviathan.

Mr. Pond, Assistant Curator of the Logan Museum of Anthropology at Beloit, said that the discovery strengthened the theory held by Dr. George L. Collie, Professor of Anthropology at Beloit, now conducting similar researches abroad, that Africa is the birthplace of mankind rather than the Gobi Desert in Asia or any other part of the world.

The Beloit expedition, which, Mr. Pond said, has made the only discovery of the kind credited to American anthropologists, is financed largely by Dr. Frank G. Logan of Chicago, retired capitalist, philanthropist and Vice President of the Chicago Art Museum. Its recent find is of special interest because of its bearing on the acquisition of the Cap Blanc skeleton by the Field Museum of Chicago, unearthed in a cave of that name at Les Eyzies in the Southern part of France, which has been described as the "capital of the prehistoric world."

Will Be Studied in Chicago.

"The Cap Blanc skeleton is believed to be of the Magdalenian period, or last of the old Stone Age, and accordingly is about 25,000 years old," said Mr. Pond. "We expect to establish the truth of our belief that we have human bones of the Middle Aurignacian period, 35,000 years earlier."

"The skull and such parts of the skeleton of the prehistoric child that we found are being shipped to America for final classification by Dr. Fay Cooper Cole of the Department of Anthropology at Chicago University and Professor Roamer, the noted paleontologist of the same university. A. Albertini, Director of Algerian Antiquities, gave permission for the shipment readily upon our promise to return the bones when we have concluded our studies."

Dr. Collie's belief that Africa was the birthplace of man has interested anthropologists here and abroad in recent years because of the contrary theory held by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, graduate of Beloit twenty years ago and student under Dr. Collie, that in the Gobi Desert is to be found actual proof of the beginning of the human race. Discussing this point yesterday Mr. Pond said:

"Dr. Andrews has found no paleolithic human bones and, as I understand it, nothing of the Old Stone Age industries, but maintains that because he found proof of the origin there of many animal species he has found also the early habitat of man. I believe our discovery this Winter will add much to scientific knowledge of prehistoric man, because every move we made has been authenticated, and undoubtedly it will be the subject of much discussion."

Large Snail Shell Strata Found.

Telling of the circumstances of the find, Mr. Pond said:

"We were trying out various locations in the vicinity of Mechta-el-Arbi, which because of your finding of ancient weapons led us to believe that excavating would reveal a real discovery. Lifting about a foot of earth we reached a hard calcium carbonate crust, acting as a protective covering over the largest layer of snail shells I ever saw. It was about 150 yards long and 100 yards wide, and about 3 yards deep."

"As we dug it became apparent that we were peering into an ancient camp site, for there was a quantity of ashes, mingled with bones of animals which had apparently been eaten by the prehistoric peoples. Among pieces of flint and bone we unearthed were many weapons, including a dagger thirteen inches long, apparently made from the leg bone of an ox."

"Thirty-one inches below the calcium carbonate covering of the deposit was the skull, and beside it were the long bones of the arms and legs, some of the vertebrae and the small bones of the extremities. All were well preserved. The bones were grouped together, but not in the normal position they would have been in if the skeleton had been intact. It was evident that the skeleton had been disturbed by some prehistoric animal and all traces of the remaining bones for that reason were lost."

Mr. Pond said that he was led to agree with Dr. Collie as to Africa's place in the history of humankind because of discoveries in the stone industries. He is further convinced because of the presence of higher types of apes in Africa and of the recent discoveries on that Continent of many higher types of fossil apes.

Prehistoric Stone Like Europe's.

"In the heart of the Sahara Desert," said Mr. Pond, "we discovered stone industries which have all the characteristics of the most ancient Old Stone Age cultures of Europe. In our most recent excavation, we found quantities of animal remains of long extinct species, notably a giant ox measuring 52 inches between the tips of its horns, which are also on the way to America to be studied with the 60,000 B. C. human bones."

Mr. Pond expressed regret that discoveries in the field of Mousterian Age industries, dating back 100,000 years, had not developed human remains. The finding of many of these industries led Mr. Pond to believe that the skull now being shipped to this country is a cross between the Neanderthal or Aurignacian race in Europe and the Cro-Magnon.

"I think we have ample evidence that the Aurignacian men in Europe and in Africa were the same and perhaps that Africa was once largely populated with prehistoric man who emigrated to Europe across the land believed to have joined Europe and Africa at the southern point of Italy and Gibraltar at that early period of the world's history," said Mr. Pond.

"The deposits we have already excavated, and others of which we

know, show that northern Africa is much richer in prehistoric remains than any part of the world thus far explored, not excepting even the long famous regions of Southern France, of which Les Eyzies, 'capital of the prehistoric world,' is the centre."

Dr. Collie is spending this year in the Les Eyzies section of France, between Bordeaux and Limoges, seeking to connect the bone and flint relics found there with the discoveries made by his African expedition. Mr. Pond announced that he will remain in this country to work on the classification of the objects discovered by his expedition and that the Logan Museum work in Africa will be continued by Paul Nesbit, a Beloit graduate.

REGISTER
DES MOINES

IOWA

AMERICAN ORIGINS

To the Editor: After reading your editorial "American Origins," in today's Register, I am prompted to take variance with its inference. The F. F. Vs. and other aristocratic American groups and some not so aristocratic have other than Indian blood filtered in their delicate blue veins. Though in 1574 Juan Lopez de Velasco stated there were about 5,000,000 Indians in America, the majority never came in contact with the invaders, except to fall before the wanton onslaught as was made on the buffaloes, trees, birds, etc.

A closer relationship existed between the 160,000 Spaniards, 40,000 Negroes and a large number of mestizos and mulattoes. The Vikings may have preceded the intrepid Italian Columbus to these shores but their contributions to the original blood stock was negligible. The facts according to history are that the origin of the new American type of which we may be pardonably proud, was for the most part, Spanish, Indian, English, Dutch and Negro. Each has left his mark on the customs, language, music and physical makeup of the present American type.

Poetry and romance has elevated the savage Indian to a pedestal and many proudly claim Indian blood in their veins. Prejudice and propaganda has lowered the Negro, though of a loyal, gentle nature, to a place of repulsion. His part in the making of the country and contribution to the American type is vehemently denied or ignored altogether. A glance at some historical facts, however, sheds a different light on the matter.

In one of Columbus' letters he speaks of having seen a coin in the possession of the Indians which was of undoubted Ethiopian origin. This indicated an earlier visit by Africans. The dark, almost black complexion of some of these tribesmen gave suspicion of intermixture with a darker people. A pilot of one of the ships on Columbus' maiden voyage to America was a noted black seaman. Many free blacks of adventurous spirit came to this country in the early days. According to records of the Methodist Episcopal church, the first Protestant Christian missionary to the Indians was a Negro. Intermarriage was indulged in then as it is now and always has been when two groups lived side by side.

The United States census for 1920 showed a population of 94,820,915 whites, 10,463,131 Negroes, 244,437 Indians, 61,639 Chinese, 111,010 Japanese. More than 15 per cent of the Negro population were mulattoes, numbering 1,660,554. Of this total mulatto population 1,388,507 according to the census were in the southern states where the laws prohibit marriage between white and black persons. The laws and customs in these states give practically no

protection to Negro womanhood from assault by white men. Dr. W. A. Plecker, state registrar of vital statistics of Virginia, in an address to a group of scientific people in New York not so long ago stated he feared the American people would eventually all be mulattoes. In speaking of a "racial integrity" law passed in Virginia he had this to say:

"Complete ruin can probably be held off for several centuries longer, but we have no reason to hope that we shall prove the one and only example in the history of the world of two races living together without amalgamation. Of course," he further stated, "this law will not prevent the illegitimate mixture of the races, but it is possible to stop the legal intermixture and the law defines a white person as one with 'no trace whatsoever of blood other than Caucasian' and makes it a felony to make a wilfully false statement as to color."

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institution, says America is developing a distinct type of man and he says it is a good one. He relates that there is a "medium pigmentation" of the hair and the eyes are shading from blue and gray to brown. This is not a Nordic type he says. Luther H. Smith, 2618 Chester Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

Religion for the New Age

THE acid test of our faith in the essential worth of human nature is furnished by the Negro. He was found in barbarism and forcibly transported here by slave traders. His status as a slave may have given him a better moral code, but it brought little of that sense of independence and social worth out of which self-reliant personality is made, and it cultivated in his masters an assumption of racial superiority that shackled their souls even more than his chains did the limbs of the slave. 'Lincoln's emancipation proclamation did more for the white folks than it did for the black,' said a Mississippian, 'because it emancipated us spiritually from the false assumptions upon which the slave system rested.'

The philosophy of the slave system remains with us in the assumption that the black man is a lesser creature, denied the ability to progress equally with us by a decree of God or by some fate of natural selection. It is doubtful if any people has made so much progress in a like time in the history of mankind as has the American Negro. James Bryce said he had come as far in six decades as any other group had in as many centuries. He had the example of the white race and became heir in some degree of the gratuities of American civilization, but he began with nothing and under the handicap of his old slave status. He has to his credit to-day such attainments in art, music, literature, science, business, and general culture as to compel anyone who objectifies his attainments and soberly measures them over against the disadvantages under which he has striven to share Lord Bryce's judgment. Give the Negro in the United States the benefits of faith in his inherent worth, and equality of opportunity, and he will catch step with us, even if he did not start until a millennium and a half after we did.

When the Romans were ruling the world as a "superior" race, our ancestors were living, according to Tacitus, who celebrated their virtues, much like the American Indians lived when our fathers came to subdue them. They dwelt in tents of oxhide, the men hunted and fought, the women worked rudely cultivated plots of ground, and the implements of both labor and fighting were crude and barbaric; but they overthrew the culture of Rome, grown weak with luxury and haughtiness of spirit. So someone has dreamed that the new Oriental, made virile with the struggle for life and liberty, may, in some future day, arise to overthrow our civilization. If faith in democratic worth enables us to welcome him into a brotherhood of man and lends a hand to help him in his striving, we shall save our culture from any such calamity; but if dogmas of "manifest destiny" lead us to scorn him and to deny him his place in the sun, we may expect the fate of other "superior" races.

The world moves steadily toward a leveling up of the lesser peoples. The leveling process will pull down only those false assumptions built upon accidents of fortune and sustained by powers that privilege has fixed. The conviction grows among the least of men that he is of as much worth as the greatest; he knows well that he is of more worth to himself than even the most exalted is to him. In a world where freedom to make the great quest of life for one's self is the ruling idea among the favored he reckes little of aristocracies, whether of class, culture, or wealth, and proceeds to seek his own. I privilege attempts to deny him, through law or ancient custom, or even with religious sanctions, he tramples it down, as in Russia, confiscating property revolutionizing law, expatriating the aristocracy, and relegating religion to the discard as an "opiate." What those who might have known fail to do for lack of faith in man, man arises and does for himself with Caliban-like fierceness, motivated by the very assumptions of personal worth and the right to attain that the privileged claim for themselves.

The faith our age requires, just because it is a social age, is a social faith—a faith that the least of men have within them a divinity of worth. It is a translation of faith in common fatherhood over into the practice of brotherhood. It will beget a renewal of optimism in a world that has so largely lost the gleam of idealism through the catastrophes of war and certain half-baked theories of human nature, springing out of the discoveries of material science. A Christianity that confines its expression of faith to belief in Deity, or to some sacramental salvation of the individual soul, will not meet the needs of an age that is socialized until no man can live to himself or alone with God. A social age requires a social faith—a faith in man as a Godlike being, and in the world as a place where the will of God can be done. —Alvin W. Taylor, in *Christian Century*.

Whites Must Drop Absurd Illusions

(From the Montreal Gazette)
Paris, July 25.—Matin will publish tomorrow an interview with Bernflot Moens, Dutch anthropologist, in which he predicts a great war of the races unless white men renounce their conception of the superiority of the white race. He says long study in the United States formed his convictions regarding the dangers of the situation. "I have just spent 14 years in the United States," he says, "where I found a country forming a remarkable field of study."

At New York I changed my place of living 30 times, lodging among Negroes, Armenians, Italians, Poles, Jews and Indians. I lived their lives and studied their institutions. The result is a warning to those who still nourish the absurd illusion of the supremacy of the white race.

"Supremacy of the whites is now 3,000 years old, but, 5,000 years ago, when there was already a remarkable Mongolian civilization, what was going on where Rue de la Paix now runs? Probably a man covered with hair was hiding behind a tree to knock down a fellow with his club."

"My own conclusion is that black and yellow men, after a long period of lethargy, have now shown their strength. I believe their awakening is near. A thousand symptoms indicate it. And since they are much more numerous than the whites, it is easy to imagine what may result. We are at the beginning of a new epoch for humanity."

"I am an optimist and like to believe that the time of national wars has passed. It is possible that the white men of Europe will agree among themselves. But we will perhaps fall into the greater disaster of a great war of the races."

"We must profit by the few years which remain to us to create an international spirit which unfortunately, scarcely exists to-day and less in the United States and England than elsewhere."

"Besides our sentiment of supremacy, we cultivate the ugly prejudice of the hopeless inferiority of yellow and black men. We should not wait until they show us our mistake."

In the first place, we know the school from which these "types" were picked. We know of two colored children, a sister and brother who are leaders in their respective classes. These two children are neat and well dressed. They have been more than once been honored by their school for bringing home victory on field days. Again there are more than forty children in attendance at this particular school. The one used in Mrs. Macklin's article was not only the worst specimen that could be found there, but one of the worst

which could be found in Toronto. We are at least pleased to notice that she chose fine specimens of other races, for fairness always appeals to us as Godlike. Still had she been desirous of seeking poor specimens of these races also she would not have had far to seek. We must, therefore, dissent from the editor of Saturday Night, when he claims that "they (the pictures) were simply taken at random in the schoolyard of one of the oldest schools of Toronto to illustrate the different nationalities." From what we know of the situation, there was not much "random" in the selection of these types.

We might say, for the benefit of Mrs. Macklin, that many young aspirants seeking fame and greatness have attained it by attacking the Negro, for he is the weakest and the least able to defend himself. Again, the Negro may not be a desirable citizen from the point of view of some people, still when a search is made of his record in police courts, in jails, in asylums, in charitable institutions he will be found to be a far more desirable citizen than certain races which are referred to as "very desirable" in Mrs. Macklin's article.

STANDARDIZES RACE'S FACES

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 18.—(By P. C. N. B.)—Inter-marriage of races in time will bring out a standardized physiognomy. Dr. Arthur W. Jensen recently told the 1,500 delegates from 14 Western states assembled at the annual convention of the Progressive Chiropractic Association held at the Los Angeles College of Chiropractic.

Marriage between the races, travel facilities, schools of foreign language, the lowering of racial prejudice were declared by Dr. Jensen as being the chief factors in the trend toward more uniform facial features, he said, with the birth of each child of parents of different races.

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Cannibals Turn to Arts of Peace

Midnight Black Nigerian Tribe of Ibos May Market Products in United States.

WASHINGTON.—“If trade relations are established between the United States and Nigeria, as proposed by representatives of West African interests now in this country, perhaps it will not be long before cocoa, palm oil and mahogany produced by the Ibos, one of Africa's largest negro tribes, will be seen on our markets,” says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

“The Ibos are distributed over the greater part of Nigeria, from the coast to about 200 miles inland. It is estimated that there are 4,000,000 of them forming half the population of the southern part of the Protectorate.

The Ibo country lies within the belt, only a few hundred miles east of the slave coast, where many negro slaves formerly were rounded up for sale. Bridgeless noses, wide-open nostrils, thick, protruding lips and powerful jaws are the striking features of the tribesmen.

“Most of them are midnight black some have olive complexions and a few are albinos. The latter are considered freaks of nature by the blacks, but the mother of an albino is proud of her ‘white’ child.

“The Ibos now are quiet and peaceful, but some of the older generation recall the days when cannibalism was rampant. After a battle between neighboring tribes captives were killed and their bodies feasted upon. Often strangers were caught and slaves bought with the intention of feasting on their flesh. Human flesh was a choice morsel and a marketable commodity.

Yams Are Principal Food.

“Each Ibo family has a compound enclosing several huts. When the young Ibo feels he should have a home of his own he seeks a location and puddles mud until the ten-foot walls of his compound and the sides of his huts are completed. Thatched roofing material is obtained from nearby forests.

“The compounds are set at every conceivable angle and the village street winds in the most bewildering fashion, so that each compound faces it. In the evening the street is filled with life. While the boys shoot bows and arrows and go through native cere-

monials the girls dance, the fathers play okwe, the Ibo ‘national game,’ and the women sit in groups and gossip while peeling ‘edde,’ an edible root something like the Jerusalem artichoke.

“Farming is the principal Ibo occupation, but where fish are not held sacred the tribesmen are also good fishermen. When foreign tackle is not available they use home made net. The yam is the principal Ibo food. Some of the tubers grow a foot long and seven inches in diameter. An Ibo eats from four to five a day. Ibo guards his supply of yams as he does his most precious possessions, and the penalty for yam stealing in Ibo law is death.

Wife Costs a Few Cows.

“Each man has from three to five wives, according to his wealth. Orphans and bachelors are looked upon with contempt and to be a childless wife is a calamity.

“There is no Ibo marriage ceremony. An Ibo sends his parents friends to the hut of the girl he wants. First they leave a supply of gin and palm wine. If it is accepted the representatives return with more gifts. Then the girl is consulted. If she accepts the suitor he pays her parents so many cows and goats.

“He may pay in cash or installments. If he has cash he may take his bride at once, but if he pays installments he waits until the wedding dowry is paid.

“Village belles not already betrothed have various ways of attracting the men. On gala days groups of the beauties parade the village, adorned with all sorts of ornaments. They plaster their hair with mud and paint their bodies from head to foot in curious designs. Strings of beads grace their necks and hips, and a dozen bracelets conceal their legs from ankle to knee. Many wear about their

ankles, metal disk plates so wide that when they walk each leg makes a semicircle to keep the ornaments from clashing.

“In Ibo land fourteen years is a eligible age to marry. The belles sometimes prepare for a year for their ‘coming out party.’ They go into seclusion and do nothing but paint their bodies and eat the best their families can afford, because the fatter the maiden the happier the prospective bridegroom.

“Before burial the body of a deceased tribesman is painted with camwood and propped in an upright position. All his worldly possessions are placed before him.

“The body of a king or wealthy Ibo is placed on a clay ‘bed’ over a fire. Then it may lie in state for years. For crepe strips of cloth or a shirt hang from a tall pole near the death hut.

“The Ibos are friendly to missionaries and are easily converted. While they have their idols, medicine men and sacred animals, they believe in a Supreme Being who lives in a spirit world. They believe that after death they will be spirits and will return to their villages to mingle with their tribe, but that they then will be invisible.”

AFRICAN NEGRO MORE SERIOUS THAN AM. NEGRO

Says Former President of University of California in New Book on African Negroes

Los Angeles, Calif., June—(Pacific Coast News Bureau)—“The bearing and demeanor of the black man is more serious than I had expected in his native surroundings,” writes Prof. David P. Barrows, former president of the University of California, in his new book, “Barbers and Blacks,” which has just been published. In spite of the severities and limitations of the black man's life in the United States, he is nowhere else so joyous, so ready for mirth and merriment as he is right here. He is not sportive or gay.”

No. “Horse Play”

“He does not indulge in ‘horse play’ nor does he spontaneously burst into song,” says the noted educator. “I do not mean that they are morose, but they do not furnish those laughing, rollicking groups that one meets on the levees of New Orleans, or wherever colored people

congregate in America.

“The arrest of the African culture may perhaps be better explained by the political incapacity of the race than by other intellectual deficiency,” Barrows explains. “The white rule in the Sudan is beneficent and just. Nowhere in colonial file have the moral qualities of Europe been given finer emphasis than in the relations here established between the white and black races.”

N. Y.
HERALD TRIBUNE
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Negro Divorces on Increase, Texas Court Official Report

FORT WORTH, Texas, Aug. 13.—More divorces are being granted to Negroes than ever before, according to Robert Neely, district clerk. He accounts for this fact because of the liking which Negroes have for all kind of ceremony.

“The Negro loves ceremony,” Mr. Neely said. “He loves the marriage ceremony; he loves the various ceremonies and legal steps attending divorce. All of us know how fond he is of funerals. I could name two or three lawyers who are becoming rich on Negro divorce cases.”

HEROIC MUSICIANS PLAY AS LAKE STEAMER SINKS

Courage of Colored Musicians In Face of Disaster Stands Out Among Brave Deeds. Were Almost Drowned When Rescued

— The Favorite was midway between the pier in Lincoln Park and the Municipal Pier,” he said. “A tragedy mingled here Friday afternoon when the lake steamer Favorite, loaded with women and children, was struck by a squall one mile from North Pier and sank into Lake Michigan. The catastrophe, which was likened to the sinking of Lakeland here twelve years ago, resulted in the death of about thirty women and children. Facing death, these two heroic musicians stuck to their post, playing “Four Leaf Clover” until swept into the lake by the storm. Both were rescued by a motor launch.

Butler Tells Story.

John C. Butler, when questioned concerning the tragedy told the following story of the affair.

Both are Saved.

“Women were screaming and yelling to save their children. I saw one woman go down clutching her infant to her breast. Another woman deliberately hurled her baby into the boat that was floated when she found there was no room for her. I believe she was drowned.

“There are only two decks on the Favorite. After the squall came up, I tried to gain the upper deck. As the boat tilted, I was pitched into the water. I don't know how I was rescued.”

Mr. Butler had gone down the third time before he was picked up by rescues, and his partner had made the second trip beneath the water before he was saved.

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“We thought we would calm the eighty passengers. Most of them were women. There were a dozen babies with these women passengers. “Well, when the rain finally came along, everybody dashed for the east side of the boat. There is no awning anywhere on the boat.

“The weight of the passengers on the east side of the boat caused it to sink. There were only two life boats and a raft on the ship. The captain who had his wife and daughter aboard, tried to launch the life saving boats. They only managed to get one afloat.

African Girls Wear More Clothes Than U.S. Flappers

LOS ANGELES.—Travel articles illustrated with photographs of African natives clothed in little or nothing have created an impression that these natives are immodest; on the contrary, they actually wear more clothes than most American girls.

E. K. Gade, cotton ginner from Dar es Salaam, German East Africa, made this comment at the Biltmore here on the popular conception of the Swahili women in his country.

Shy and Modest

These women actually are quite shy and modest in the cities where they mingle with crowds, he said. They wear a thin shawl that covers them from neck to ankles as a general thing, and they are as fond of gaudy colors as gypsies, he declared.

Back in the jungles where the negroes live by themselves without mingling with the whites, the native men and women appear as they do in the travel pictures, he said. And here he had another observation to make on a popular fallacy. Many people defending present dress of women have declared that familiarity with legs causes them to lose their attraction and have pointed to the scantily clad Africans as proof of their statement. These negroes are very moral and faithful to their spouses, they say.

Refund on Wives

All wrong, says Mr. Gade. The negroes are not moral, but he hastened to add that he doesn't lay the blame to the lure of the legs for this condition. Men there buy their wives, paying perhaps \$25 for them, and they look on them as property, not as sweethearts. Frequently the wife later meets some man who attracts her and poor hubby is forgotten.

Does he get out the old bow and arrow or spear and rid the tribe of the homewrecker? Not a bit of it, says Mr. Gade. He goes back to the girl's papa and gets his \$25 back.

"FADDER" GOD COMES FINALLY TO SHIPWRECK

Jamaican Cook One Of Crew Saved After 7 Days

In Open Boat

HIS CONSTANT PRAYER DRIVES OTHERS WILD

In Despair Crew Is Ready

To Kill Cook When Captain Interferes

HOBOKEN, N. J.—"Fadder God done it," were the stirring words uttered by Joseph Notice, big dark skinned Jamaican Cook, fondly known to the crew as "Bill," when he stood on the dock at Fifth street, Sunday morning, holding his Bible in his hands and flanked by his eight white rescued companions.

They drifted with him on the sea in an open boat seven days following the abandoning of the four-master Horatio, less as the foundered 400 miles off Bermuda.

When "Bill" shipped on the lost schooner, he asked for two things: a bottle of rum and a Bible. They gave him both. And thereby hangs a tale.

The big Jamaican thumbed that Bible incessantly for the seven days they were adrift. He also prayed, and with an assistance and fervor that almost drove his desperate companions, adrift with him in a 22-foot boat on the open sea, frantic. But "Bill" prayed, hallelujahed and doxologized. When things went good he would exclaim:

"See what Fadder sent us."

Ain't Ready Yet

When the gale blew and things looked desperate, he shouted in still more stentorian tones: "Fadder ain't ready for us yet."

In fact Bill's religious fervor and fanatical faith was almost his undoing. The rest of the marooned men were half insane from the struggle, and their frayed nerves were to such a breaking point that they wanted to throw the fervent cook overboard. The word of Captain Potter, however, prevailed; and results finally justified Bill's childish faith in his Maker.

Drift 400 Miles

Finally, when these wearied men had worked their way to the very Harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda, a distance of 400 miles from the point where they put out into open sea in the life boat, a rising wind began to force them gradually back out to sea, and they were too weary and weak to overcome. They had seen the will o' the wisp of the promised land of rescue, but it seemed that they were not destined to reach it.

"Fadder" God Hears

"Fadder God", though, unbeknown to weary sailors had heard Bill's supplications. The big Dutch liner, Volendam weighed anchor in Hamilton harbor just about this time and started picking their way among those spots where the sea breaks green and thin over coral atolls.

"I watched the liner coming out," said Capt. Potter. "I watched which way she was going to turn. She was the first ship we'd seen since my own ship had foundered."

Red Flares

One of the red flares that had been stored in the life boat before abandoning the lost ship was lighted. In the just beginning twilight, that red signal caught the eye of the captain on the Volendam's bridge. Within half an hour the rescuing boat's ladder dangled over the head of the nine refugees. And so "Fadder God" had come at last.

WHEN RURAL NEGRO REACHES CRUCIBLE

Shining Spectacle Emerges From Sombre Cocoon in Harlem's 'Little Africa.'

A SPEEDY TRANSFORMATION

Slouching, Shabby Figure of Today's Newcomer May Be Gilded Like the Lily on the Morrow.

Newcomers to Harlem's "Little Africa" may be easily identified by their garments, speech and idiosyncrasies. They come here from all parts of the world; from foreign seaports and

interior towns and cities, bringing with them the quaint customs of their fatherlands.

The new arrival from the South is perhaps most in evidence. He is a seedy, comfless, slouching fellow, wearing a battered old soft hat. Slow in motion, he is constantly buffeted by the swift black tides of the avenue that sweep past him. A stranger in the city, he is considerably bewildered by the sights that confront him. A product of the plantations, he shakes his head in puzzled fashion as he surveys the hurrying throngs and endless rows of brick and mortar. If he is friendly he is often willing to make friends with the first stranger who accosts him. Sometimes he falls an honest victim to the frequently he is prey for unscrupulous members of his race who strip him of his few possessions.

Whatever befalls him he is not easily discouraged. Endowed with the happy-go-lucky spirit of the negro he accepts the world much as he finds it. He has come here as to a promised land where gold and honey are plentiful, and being a man of simple faith he believes that somewhere he will find a Black Moses to lead him out of the paths of adversity. Often his Black Moses turns out to be a well disposed colored pastor.

Most of these negroes from the South who come here with golden expectations eventually manage to get a foothold on some kind of job. A few of them, to be sure, who have no one to guide or help them succumb to temptation and fall into evil ways. But a large percentage of them see their dreams realized.

Speedy Metamorphosis.

Frequently in less than a month's time the seedy, penniless negro from the South undergoes a metamorphosis as startling as that of an insect. As he strolls jauntily along the avenue, swinging a cane, with head erect, his most intimate friends of the plantation would not recognize him. Often in the space of a single day he has transformed himself into an entirely different individual. He has, in short, by a mere exchange of garments disassociated himself from his past and has become a new and different man, casting aside with his dull garments century old habits and traditions. It is doubtful if any one except a negro could make this lightning like change.

The negro has a positive genius for adaptation. In an incredibly short time he can adapt himself to new conditions. Accustomed all his life to the broad, sunny acres of the Southland, with plenty of free air, trees and flowers, he can make himself equally at home in a narrow, sunless flat.

"The negro," said a colored pastor, "can do this because he has a cheerful disposition and a vivid imagination. Never having very much, he is able to make the most of very little. He may secretly miss green meadows and flowers, but the representations of flowers on the wall paper are real flowers to him. He needs only to shut his eyes in order to smell their fragrance."

Strutting the streets of the "Black Belt" are negroes of enviable physique, with slim waists and straight broad shoulders. Many of these have found jobs on the piers as stevedores. They receive good pay and can afford to wear good clothes. Some of them dress conservatively, live frugally and put their savings in the bank. Others like to dress up and appear the glass

of fashion and the mold of form. And these "dressy" negroes adapt themselves to bright new raiment as easily as they do to other things.

In the manner of dress they are no different from their white brothers of the same taste except, perhaps, they run more to exaggerated styles and bright hues. Silk shirts, bright ties, gay spats and form-fitting garments of every mode may be seen of a Sunday afternoon on Lenox and Seventh Avenues north of 125th Street. Indeed, when the many churches disgorge their large congregations men and women appear in the latest and newest creations of the tailor's and dressmaker's art. Every pleasant Sunday afternoon there is an "Easter parade" on these avenues.

Next to the Southern negro the West Indian is most conspicuous. He is as different in manner, talk and other characteristics as a New Englander is from a Middle Westerner. When he appears at a police station to intercede for a friend who inadvertently has run afoul of the law he gravely informs the desk Lieutenant in a strong English accent that he is a British subject (as well as his friend), and that perhaps his friend, a newcomer, is not acquainted with the laws and customs of the State of New York.

The Negro Race Tri-Sected

IN the "Forum" for November, Roark Bradford, southern writer on the staff of the New Orleans "Times-Picayune," gives some excerpts from his "Notes on the Negro." According to Mr. Bradford's opinion, the black man in America is divided into three groups, the "nigger," "the colored person" and the Negro. "The nigger," he says, is the "shiftless, ignorant laborer type, the steamboat rouser and the field hand," who has a language peculiarly his own, adopted from the white man's language. "He is more with an ungrammatical phrase than our orators can say in ten thousand words," to quote the author.

The next step up the ladder of the man's civilization is the "colored person," who, the writer says, "is race conscious, is ashamed of his color. Mentally he is capable of sensing and facing the injustices that befall his race, but he is incapable of arriving at an intelligent solution. His blood is mixed, usually. He is vicious in his heart and hates the white man and loathes the black."

He is to his race what our "white trash" is to us and the two, the "colored person" and the "white trash," are the ones who provoke lynchings and race riots. To this class, says Mr. Bradford, belongs the college-bred Negro, the Negro poet and artist, whose value is overestimated by broad-minded critics. He states "To praise the mediocre stuff of the 'colored person' is to set a mediocre standard, and to make it more difficult to get at the real thing."

The third specimen of the black man in America, which, Mr. Brad-

ford shows his is rather fair and true in describing the types of negroes, and with which he is familiar and with familiarity with the primitive type of negro, in his short story, "River Witch," which also appears in the November issue of the

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A SPEEDY TRANSFORMATION

Newcomers to Harlem's "Little Africa" may be easily identified by their garb, speech and idiosyncratic-to wear good clothes. Some of them the world; from foreign seaports and put their savings in the bank. Others like to dress up and appear the glass

interior towns and cities, bringing with them the quaint customs of their fatherlands.

The new arrival from the South is perhaps most evidence. He is a seedy, corny, slouching fellow, wearing a battered old soft hat. Slow in motion, he is constantly buffeted by the swift black tides of the avenue that sweep past him. A stranger in the city, he is considerably bewildered by the sights that confront him. A product of the plantations, he shakes his head in puzzled fashion as he surveys the hurrying throngs and endless rows of brick and mortar. If he is a friendless he is often willing to make friends with the first stranger who accosts him. Sometimes he falls prey for the unscrupulous members of his race who strip him of his few possessions.

Whatever befalls him he is not easily discouraged. Endowed with the happy-go-lucky spirit of the negro he accepts the world much as he finds it. He has come here as to a promised land where gold and honey are plentiful, and being a man of simple faith he believes that somewhere he will find a Black Moses to lead him out of the paths of adversity. Often his Black Moses turns out to be a well disposed colored pastor.

Most of these negroes from the South who come here with golden expectations eventually manage to get a foothold on some kind of job. A few of them, to be sure, who have no one to guide or help them succumb to temptation and fall into evil ways. But a large percentage of them see their dreams realized.

Speedy Metamorphosis.

Frequently in less than a month's time the seedy, penniless negro from the South undergoes a metamorphosis as startling as that of an insect. As he strolls jauntily along the avenue, swinging a cane, with head erect, his most intimate friends of the plantation would not recognize him. Often in the space of a single day he has transformed himself into an entirely different individual. He has, in short, by a mere exchange of garments disassociated himself from his past and has become a new and different man, casting aside with his dull garments the century old habits and traditions. It is doubtful if any one except a negro could make this lightning like change. The negro has a positive genius for adaptation. In an incredibly short time he can adapt himself to new conditions. Accustomed all his life to the broad, sunny acres of the Southland, with plenty of free air, trees and flowers, he can make himself equally at home in a narrow, sunless flat.

"The negro," said a colored pastor, "can do this because he has a cheerful disposition and a vivid imagination. Never having very much, he is able to make the most of very little. He may secretly miss green meadows and flowers, but the representations of flowers on the wall paper are real flowers to him. He needs only to shut his eyes in order to smell their fragrance."

Strutting the streets of the "Black Belt" are negroes of enviable physique, with slim waists and straight broad shoulders. Many of these have found jobs on the piers as stevedores, they receive good pay and can afford to wear good clothes. Some of them put their savings in the bank. Others like to dress up and appear the glass

of fashion and the mold of form. And these "dressy" negroes adapt themselves to bright new raiment as easily as they do to other things.

In the manner of dress they are no different from their white brothers of the same taste except, perhaps, they run more to exaggerated styles and bright hues. Silk shirts, bright ties, gay spats and form-fitting garments of every mode may be seen of a Sunday afternoon on Lenox and Seventh Avenues north of 125th Street. Indeed, when the many churches disgorge their large congregations men and women appear in the latest and newest creations of the tailor's and dressmaker's art. Every pleasant Sunday afternoon there is an "Easter parade" on these avenues.

Next to the Southern negro, the West Indian is most conspicuous. He is as different in manner, talk and other characteristics as a New Englander. When he appears at a police station to intercede for a friend who inadvertently has run afoul of the law he gravely informs the desk lieutenant in a strong English accent that he is a British subject (as well as his friend), and that perhaps his friend, a newcomer, is not acquainted with the laws and customs of the State of New York.

The Negro Race Tri-Sected

In the "Forum" for November, Loark Bradford, southern writer on the staff of the New Orleans "Times-Picayune," gives some excerpts from his "Notes on the Negro." According to Mr. Bradford, the black man in America is divided into three groups, the "nigger," the "colored person," and the Negro. "The nigger," he says, is the "shiftless, ignorant laborer type, the steamboat roustabout and the field hand," who has a language peculiarly his own, adopted from the white man's language. "The colored person," he says, is a "man who with an ungrammatical phrase than our orators can say in ten thousand words," to quote the author.

The next step up the ladder of the man's civilization is the "colored person," who, the writer says, "is a race conscious, self-respecting, intelligent solution. His blood is mixed, usually. He is vicious in his heart and hates the white man and loathes the black."

He is to his race what our "white trash" is to us and the "white trash" are the ones who provoke lynchings and race riots. "To this class," says Mr. Bradford, "belongs the college-bred Negro, the Negro poet and artist, whose value is overestimated by broad-minded critics. He states: 'To praise the mediocre is to set a mediocre standard, and to make it more difficult to get at the real thing.'"

The third specimen of the black man in America, which, Mr. Bradford thinks, is all too rare, is the Negro—"capital N"—who is not ashamed of being black. "Who knows that his race has done pretty well, all things considered, in the past two hundred years. He knows that, considering the time it has been at it, the white civilization isn't such a howling success along every line, and he hopes

The Darkey a Superstitious Human Being

AS a rule the colored person believes most things he hears, but singularly oftentimes hasn't much faith in what he sees. The financial strength and safety of the United States Government is of greater stability and should create more confidence than the Rock of Gibraltar.

But down in Palm Beach, Fla., the other day the negroes heard that Uncle Sam was broke, and before the "white folks" had an opportunity to quiet the nerves of the excited colored populace, panic-demonium reigned. Thousands of negroes hurried panic-stricken to the postoffice and within a few minutes a run on the branch of the United States Treasury was on. A line of excited darkies, which extended for blocks, had to be controlled by the police until they could, one by one, wend their way to the cashier's window and receive cash for their savings, entrusted to the Government's banking department.

Before the day was ended and order was restored among them, thousands of dollars had been withdrawn and the misguided darkies walked the streets in fear of replacing their money in any of the Florida banks or even with Uncle Sam for safekeeping.

The professional bone-rollers of the palm country must have enjoyed a night of real pleasure and prosperity. Money, goes the saying, burns a hole in the darkey's pocket when he hears the familiar call of "Come sehen, come leben" or "Baby needs a new pair o' shoes." The recent financial disappointment which befell the whites of the really stricken State of Florida in all probability made the colored residents of the neighborhood skeptical of their Uncle Sam, and it is easy to imagine how far they were inclined to go, once Dame Rumor threatened a scarcity of their "ham and 'taters."

African Backgrounds

One who takes an hour to read a pamphlet of twenty-five pages by James Weldon Johnson, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People will be disabused of the idea that all that the American negroes have is to be attributed to their home in the Western Hemisphere—that their ancestors brought nothing with them out of Africa. There is, in the first place, no one negro type. There are negroes and negroes as there are white men and white men. They range from a man to Hottentot, from the negro whose features are preserved in the inscrutable sphinx to the pygmies in the deepest recesses of the Congo forest. Negro poets published in ancient times to Damascus threads of negro genius wove their way into the music of Mediterranean and Asiatic cultures, and the strains of their music reached shores far from their own African coasts.

Their states and governments decayed with the rise of the slave trade, 40 years of which, it is estimated, cost Africa 100,000,000 souls; but traces of their background of industry and art and manners have survived even this continental catastrophe. They learned very early, perhaps the earliest of men, to smelt iron and forge instruments of usefulness and beauty. They were the first to raise cattle and use their milk. Invention extended agriculture and surrounded villages with the verdure and fruits of gardens. The blacksmith plied his trade all over Africa, and with him in many parts the weaver, the wood carver and the potter. Some knew how to make rugs and carpets and to set gold and precious stones. Even without the tuition of other conti-

nents their handicrafts became highly skilled.

And it is as more are aware, a continent of music. "The fashioning of musical instruments is one of the industries to be found throughout the length and breadth of Africa." Speaking of one region, a traveler said that every little goatherd had his flute, as the Greek shepherd had. But the paper by Dr. Johnson (author of a "Book of American Negro Poetry," and one of "American Spirituals"), which may be had of the trustees of the John F. Slater Fund, gives more details of this background. Two or three of the proverbs quoted to suggest the folk wisdom which has been handed on from generation to generation:

"Boasting is not courage."

"He who forgives ends a quarrel."

"Birth does not differ from death; as the free man was born so was the slave."

The conclusion which the author reaches and which the open-minded reader will be ready to accept is that even those whose ancestors did not come to America but were carried hither in slave ships brought something more than the strength of their bodies out of the Dark Continent.—New York Times.

NEW YORK EVE. POST

MAR 17 1927

The *reductio ad absurdum* of runs on banks is reached in the run on the postal savings department at West Palm Beach, Fla. Alarmed by reports that the Government was "going broke," a hundred or more negroes lined up in front of the post office before the opening hour of 7 A. M. During the hours following they were joined by a considerable number of others. Some of the familiar features of unjustified runs were exhibited. Leading members of the community affected, including half a dozen negro preachers, together with welfare workers, begged the depositors not to withdraw their money, but in vain. It is not stated whether or not any of these persons tried to restore the confidence of the panic-stricken negroes by making deposits, but even this device does not always succeed, and it would not check a really frightened crowd. It would be interesting—and illuminating—to know how many of those who withdrew their money from the custody of Uncle Sam fail to return the full amount, yielding to the temptation to indulge in a bit of spending, and thus to "deposit" their money where they will be under no apprehension regarding the possibility of getting it back.

CHARMED BY NEGRO BABIES.

New Woman Academician Says They Are Beautiful to Her.

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LONDON, Nov. 2.—Although Laura Knight, the newly elected Academician, has made a great part of her reputation by drawing and painting ballet girls and has haunted rehearsal rooms and theatres for years, even studying dancing to understand her subjects better, she said today that she had found recently in the United States a subject equally beautiful which is beginning to fascinate her.

"The babies of American darkies," she declared, "are among the most beautiful things in the world. In fact, to the artist there is a whole world of beauty which ought to be explored in negro life in America."

She first became acquainted with the American negro recently when she accompanied her husband, Harold Knight, to Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, where he had commissions to do portraits.

ARCTIC AND TROPICS

"There is no real evidence that the whites are suited for permanent residence in the tropics," says Dr. R. N. Brown, a leading British geographer.

"All evidence that is conclusive," he thinks, "suggests that the colored races eventually will occupy the warm lands, while the tide of white settlement will definitely set northward, even to the Arctic seas, and in its flood destroy the present inhabitants of other races."

That may well be. The "colored races," on the whole, seem to have much more affinity for hot climates than cold. They evidently originated in warmer climates than the whites, and the degree of heat to which they were accustomed in the long ages that fixed their color is probably shown roughly in the shade and degree of their complexion. Colored skin is a sort of permanent tan. The white race evidently is white because it developed pretty far northward, where the sun was not so strong. Thus it is natural that whites should thrive in cold climates and blacks in hot climates, and reds, yellows and browns in intervening spaces.

If such a separation, suited to climate, really occurs in the future, it will help to solve the race problem along with the real estate problem. And it will be better perhaps for the human race as a whole than the merging of all races prophesied by some ethnologists. Who wants all mankind standardized in color or otherwise?

Variety is more interesting and fruitful.

At one of the great meetings of his church recently, Bishop Hughes of the Chicago diocese declared that so-called Nordics had nothing to brag over and above the darker races, for it was only a few centuries ago that white men "ate their meat raw and smeared the blood in their beads."

Those are pretty straight words. They are a pointed bit of history of the Caucasian. Usually it is suppressed. It's mighty big of Bishop Hughes, from his lofty and influential position, to bring it out. It shows that the color bugaboo is a mighty hoax. All men were virtually savages a few short centuries ago. Read the history of the barbarisms of Europe and England as late as three and four hundred years ago.

And another thing that this great man said. "Why," said he, "talk about one hundred percent Americans and leave out the colored people? They are the only race who haven't a single act of disloyalty charged against them." And that too is true. True, and all the more remarkable because said by a man big enough to give it some weight. More such friends are needed. More of them are to be encouraged.

THAT WORD "COLORED"

Last week The Chicago Defender printed a photograph of a group of young men in Colorado taking part in a state fair parade. The men, all of unmistakably dark complexions, were seated in a decorated car upon which was a printed streamer, "Young Colored Men's Progressive Club." There was no way under the sun for anyone to think these young men were white, Chinese or Japanese. Yet they felt it necessary to proclaim themselves as "Colored," although no other car in the parade bore a label as to the race identity of its occupants.

It seems pretty hard to make "the Colored brother" understand that he needs no written or spoken word to let the world know that he is different racially from others in this country. He just won't understand that his complexion, although it speaks for itself, is too unimportant an item for him to go about broadcasting it through useless words.

The white man started this. He wanted to emphasize the fact that there was a difference, and he wanted to keep before both his race and all other races the important information that he was writing FOR white people. He wanted to keep this racial difference uppermost in his mind and ours, therefore he adopted the label whenever he referred to us, especially where the items were complimentary. He has carried out this program so thoroughly that even we have fallen into the habit of helping him. And as a consequence we have the "Colored Business Men," "Colored Chamber of Commerce," "Colored Undertakers Association," "Colored Stores, Inc.," "Colored Social Club"—Colored this and Colored that—Colored church, Colored hospital, Colored cemeteries, and finally, Colored town, "Niggertown" and "Darktown." We have all these, not alone in reality, but in name—names which we ourselves have written into our constitutions and by-laws.

These are some of the little absurdities that make us ridiculous before the world. Anyone looking at us can tell we are Colored, or at least not white. Anyone can't tell, however, by looking at us, that we think of ourselves as separate and distinct from other Americans. But our literature, our letterheads, soon inform him. Our newspapers are just as bad, if not worse. It is through these journals that we form our race psychology. Consequently, when our press continuously heralds the fact that "Tom Jones, Colored, was held for murder," it cements ideas that our white press has already started.

Colored, as applied to a race or an individual, is superfluous. It points an already obvious fact. It takes up an unimportant item and gives it a prominence that it does not deserve. It sets the child aside as different from

other children and causes him to wonder about this difference. It gives the white child an ever ready weapon with which to injure the dark child with whom he comes in contact. And, finally, it impresses the white man with the fact that we, feeling ourselves so radically different, must also feel that we are inferior.

It is our own attitude toward the word Colored that leads the West Indian, the Chinese, the Filipino, the Brazilian, the Japanese, the Hindu, the native African, upon arriving in the United States, to declare: "I am not a Negro—a Colored man—I am a British subject"; or Filipino, as the case may be. These people at once feel that they do not care to become one with a group of people who go about labeling themselves according to the color of their skins! And we, incidentally, are the only people in the world who do this!

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An American St. Helena.

ST. HELENA, American style, is no rockbound promontory in the South Atlantic. H. M. S. *Bellerophon* never landed a Napoleon on it, there to eat out his life in solitude and vain protests against his keepers and the world's judgment. It is a little, almost forgotten, piece of land in the sea island group between Charleston, South Carolina, and Atlanta, Georgia. The ships of the past that touched were slavers, and the only modern communication until last year was a slow and infrequent ferry boat. Like its historic namesake, it is the people who live on it that make it interesting. They are practically one hundred per cent Negro—unmixed descendants of the original slave population. Of the 5,157 people on the island now, not more than twenty are white. Out of the beaten line of travel, this primitive African community has gone on for generations farming the land abandoned to it by the former owners.

In 1863 Union troops took possession of the island. The slave population was freed, the land confiscated and turned over to the blacks. The white overseers had fled. The owners had never lived there, only visiting their plantations for a month or two each year and after the war made no effort to regain their property. The Negroes or heads of Negro families became both possessors and owners and carried on the cotton planting until the boll weevil has forced them in recent years into a new economy. The population has dwindled from 9,000 in 1900 to the present 5,000. The only persisting touch from the outside world is an excellent branch of Hampton Institute called Penn Normal Industrial and Agricultural School.

Here in modern industrial America, cut off by the sound waters on a little frequented coast line, there has persisted this wholly rural, wholly Negro community. Its ways and life have been little changed for sixty years, until the boll weevil ended the old routine of cotton-raising. The number of mixed bloods is as small as in any Southern township. The speech, like that of the mainland era, is full of the dialect called "Gullah," made known to us in the works of the late AMBROSE GONZALES and less extensively in Mrs. JULIA PETERSON's *Black April*.

But this island laboratory for observing pure Negro ways and customs is doomed to disappear. The popula-

tion is declining and last year a bridge was built across the sound connecting the island with the mainland. Visitors in greater numbers, increased contacts, new and necessary changes in production, customs and cultural status will within a few years leave little of the old and none of the unique in the life of this American St. Helena.

Scholars, headed by an alert group in the University of North Carolina, are planning to make a detailed survey of this primitive group and its life and ways before it disappears. Leading Negroes are equally interested. All hope that, if they can work for a year in this laboratory quietly and without disturbing the test tubes too much, they may learn not only something about what will soon be history, but also something that may throw light on the ways of the ten million Negroes whose contacts and ultimate adaptations and adjustments constitute our gravest national social problem.

NORDIC MYTHOLOGY

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal church is a Nordic, of course. And as a Nordic, he was expected to uphold the Nordic credo that all men were created inferior to the Nordic. But Bishop Hughes has ideas of his own, a few of which he dared express to a group of Nordic ministers gathered in Oak Park last week. Said he:

"This boast of the Nordic race is pretense. Our ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, used to eat raw meat and smear the blood over their beards until they were Christianized. If you are boasting of being 100 per cent American, why not include the Negroes, for not one of them ever went back on this country."

And we might add to this little myth of the noble Nordic, that since he has been Christianized, he has refused to eat raw meat—now he is most particular about how it is cooked—and as an afterthought, we might add, that he also does a little lynching and burning of human beings now—under this Christian influence. It is remarkable how far the Nordic has advanced since Pope Gregory sent missionaries to "Angles' Land" to make him (the Nordic) stop smearing blood in his beard.

Incidentally, we expect next to see Bishop Hughes being tried for heresy if he doesn't stop exploding Nordic traditions with his facts.

Racial Characteristics-1927

LOUIS WIRTH of the University of Chicago contributes a paper to that extraordinary series of Urban Community Studies, edited by Dr. Ernest Burgess, in which he describes certain biological significance, but its sociological importance is recognizable Jewish types of personality. It becomes apparent in his study which fewer stigmas cluster. Dr. Herskowitz found that "types" have a very real value 32.0 per cent of the students at Howard University—they represent a set of attitudes on and in New York City examined by him, asserting the part of the unique person toward himself, and Indian blood. Then, there is the "race man" who on the part of the group toward the unique person might be described as a professional Negro—he knows all the wrongs of civilization against the race of the group; for Dr. Wirth they provide a social and has violent phrases for them. Negroes themselves refer frequently to one type which they call the *Mensch* and the "allrightnick" among the Jews, "Uncle Tom" Negroes, members of the race who achieve persons of superior economic status, the former just themselves in spirit and in service to their white masters by acquiescing in the kindly judgment of a Jew, the latter who offends the group because he does not respect its values. There is the *Luft mensch*, as "white folks niggers," persons who employ the with his "getting-by" philosophy, identifiable in white man's intolerance of a "Negro out of his America with the Jews, who contribute the majority place" to punish other Negroes by reporting their of homeless men for the Jewish agencies; *Yeshiba* violations of racial orthodoxy. The Garvey organization; *Groberjung*, the Talmudical student; *Zaddik*, the pious, patriarchal personage; numerous little potentates, who find themselves for *Meshumed*, the Apostle, scorned by the community; the first time in power, and with an underdog. Their *Kleikodeshnik*, the person who makes piety his over-compensation, pompousness and noisy grandeur profession while he exploits the group until discovered; *The Schonerjud*, conservative, learned though idle; *Lodgenik*, the habitual joiner; *Leptcheche*, the gossip; *Radikalke*, described as "the young lady from the ghetto of the garrulous kind and emancipated ways, quoting from authors she has not read, very free, unmarried, and ugly."

The types are really expressions of group values of real life interests, and attitudes toward situations: they have a profound importance for sociologists. As the life of the group changes new types appear. Especially are these types useful in reflecting the peculiar situations created by racial as well as religious institutions and customs. *The Deitchuk* reflects a certain racial consciousness when in the American environment he affects a German background and German ways; the *Ototot* shows the force of an institution within the race when he tempers his religious emancipation by "clinging to a little beard."

II

One may take the liberty of applying the technique to the peculiar situation of Negroes. Even though without an elaborate terminological display the sketching of some such types with their milieu should be widely profitable. It should help students who see only a vague homogeneity in the Negro race, novelists who have overworked the familiar types, the library sociologists who have been deducing their types of American Negroes from the accounts of 18th and 19th century travellers in Africa, and those Negroes, who regard truth as slander if it be not sweet. More important, indeed, than the personalities themselves, Negro types, familiar enough, point to those most fascinating social processes in action beneath the huge, dark blanket of race.

They may be sifted out by the scores, but a few random examples will suffice: Who does not know the Negro with Indian ancestry? The fact has no Burgess, in which he describes certain biological significance, but its sociological importance lies in the urge to identity with another group about it. It becomes apparent in his study which fewer stigmas cluster. Dr. Herskowitz found that "types" have a very real value 32.0 per cent of the students at Howard University—they represent a set of attitudes on and in New York City examined by him, asserting the part of the unique person toward himself, and Indian blood. Then, there is the "race man" who on the part of the group toward the unique person might be described as a professional Negro—he knows all the wrongs of civilization against the race of the group; for Dr. Wirth they provide a social and has violent phrases for them. Negroes themselves refer frequently to one type which they call the *Mensch* and the "allrightnick" among the Jews, "Uncle Tom" Negroes, members of the race who achieve persons of superior economic status, the former just themselves in spirit and in service to their white masters by acquiescing in the kindly judgment of a Jew, the latter who offends the group because he does not respect its values. There is the *Luft mensch*, as "white folks niggers," persons who employ the with his "getting-by" philosophy, identifiable in white man's intolerance of a "Negro out of his America with the Jews, who contribute the majority place" to punish other Negroes by reporting their of homeless men for the Jewish agencies; *Yeshiba* violations of racial orthodoxy. The Garvey organization; *Groberjung*, the Talmudical student; *Zaddik*, the pious, patriarchal personage; numerous little potentates, who find themselves for *Meshumed*, the Apostle, scorned by the community; the first time in power, and with an underdog. Their *Kleikodeshnik*, the person who makes piety his over-compensation, pompousness and noisy grandeur profession while he exploits the group until discovered; *The Schonerjud*, conservative, learned though idle; *Lodgenik*, the habitual joiner; *Leptcheche*, the gossip; *Radikalke*, described as "the young lady from the ghetto of the garrulous kind and emancipated ways, quoting from authors she has not read, very free, unmarried, and ugly."

The Negro ministry, even in northern cities, is harassed by a picturesque type of illiterate exhorter, known as the "jack-leg." Quite apart from the inspiration of religion, he has mastered the technique of crowd hynosis, and finds in this calling, greater remuneration, larger prestige for his scant intelligence, and a smaller demand for continuous physical exertion.

The mulatto minded Negro will reward any honest study. (This does not necessarily mean the mulatto but the self-conscious Negro of mixed parentage.) He is one who has absorbed thoroughly the theory about the biological importance of the white strain; who feels persecuted by both the blacks and the whites, and who confides his hurts and triumphs to other mulatto minded individuals. There is, again, the self-appointed *inter-nuncio* of the race who spends a great part of his time in the ante-chamber of wealthy whites, who talks about "my people," and who is most likely to attribute to his people such needs and vices as are required to stimulate a gift. Sometimes he gets it, and with it, not unfrequently, a commission which he is utterly incapable of carrying out.

More can be listed: the Negro who can pass for white but prefers the society of Negroes; the Negro who can and does pass for white and lives under a constant fear of meeting a childhood friend with a good memory; the Negro who can pass for white but prefers to remain a Negro because it is easier to become an outstanding figure, or because the uniqueness of being a biological contradiction is ever fascinating; the Negro who can pass for white but who refuses to abandon his friends. At the other pole is the type sensitive among Negroes because of his

dark complexion; one of dark complexion who straightens his hair, and one who compensates by attempting to change the connotation of blackness from evil to righteousness and beauty. No less interesting is the type more difficult to describe, usually a trusted messenger, secure in his position, through years of faithful, dignified service, unpromoted but loved and respected; with modest income, a cautious investor whose humble position contrasts with a proud lineage, as lineages go in the race, but who has established himself within a high and exclusive Negro social set; whose wife is the evidence of their social station, and whose hauteur often tragically shields an unwillingness to admit or confess the anomaly.

There is the type of which it can be said that they hate Negroes; they hate them as a group for making a problem; for their features, and the weighted ignorance of their masses, for provoking the slurs which they must endure. These either retire to the stubborn gloom of their own souls or shunt their emotions into a channel of bitter, inexplicable fury against those who insist on treating them as Negroes.

Negroes all, and each reflects a facet of the American problem of race. Here are types for which there are no immediate counter-parts in the surrounding society. These, even in their diversity, mirror heights and depths of Negro life; more, they mirror the institutions by which their lives are warped.

DAN HITS AFRICAN 'BEAUTY.'

NEW YORK, April 26.—(AP)—

The theory that Africa is the birthplace of the human race is strengthened in the opinion of Alonzo W. Pond, Beloit College anthropologist by discovery in Mehta-El-Arbi, Algeria, of the skull and bones of a child which he believes date back to 60,000 B. C.

Announcement of the discovery was made by Mr. Pond, who is director of the Logan African expedition of Beloit College upon his return here yesterday from a five-day tour in North Africa.

The finding of the bones was preceded by the discovery of an ancient camp site in which calcium carbonate crust under a foot of earth had been removed.

A quantity of ashes was found, mingled with bones of animals which had apparently been eaten by the prehistoric peoples. Many weapons were found, including a dagger 3 inches long made from the leg bone of an ox.

Mr. Pond said he expected the bones could be found to date by 35,000 years. The plain skeleton of 25,000 years ago, unearthed at Les Elyzies, "the capital of the prehistoric world", in Southern France and now in the Field Museum at Chicago.

BLAME FOR THE HUMAN RACE IS LAID ON AFRICA

Anthropologist Finds Skull of "Prehistoric" Child

The remains of the prehistoric child are being shipped to America for final classification by Doctor Fay Cooper Cole of the Department of Anthropology, and Professor Roamer, paleontologist, both of Chicago University.

Dr. George L. Collie, professor of anthropology at Beloit, is the father of the theory that Africa is the birthplace of mankind, a belief contrary to that of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Dr. Andrews contends that the first man originated in the Gobi Desert in Asia.

Doctor Collie is now conducting anthropological researches abroad. The Beloit expedition is financed largely by Dr. Frank G. Logan of Chicago, retired capitalist, philanthropist and vice president of the Chicago Art Museum.

OUTLAWING BEAUTY STANDARDS

The aesthetic sense of the French colonial officials in Africa has long been offended by the native practices of lip-stretching, nose piercing and teeth-filing. Unable longer to tolerate the spectacle of natives with lips stretched to a diameter of six inches, noses from which rings of various metals swung freely in the breeze and teeth filed to resemble the molars of rodents and snakes, the government has passed a law changing these African standards and punishing infractions by imprisonment ranging from two to five years. Undoubtedly the blacks will lament the passing of distended lips, ringed noses and filed teeth, but the white officials will more contentedly go about their work of exploiting them now that they are to be no longer offended by what they consider grotesqueries and mutilations.

Like morality, aesthetics are a matter of geography. If the inhabitants of French Africa are given to distended lips, ringed noses and filed teeth, their white brothers and sisters on the other side of the world are inclined toward French heels, corsets, permanent waves, face raising, nose-remodeling, mud packs, Prince Albert coats, lip sticks and wing collars. What is beautiful in the Occident is ugly in the Orient, and vice versa. Rightly or wrongly, the human race everywhere has a mania for improving, if possible, on nature, or at least to change its appearance. The type of change differs with each country and climate, but some effort toward that end is always noticeable.

In this particular case, there is one point worth noting which proves that environment is stronger than race. While these French colonial inhabitants belong to the same race and are about the same color as their cousins in the United States and the West Indies, they have altogether different ideas as to comeliness and beauty. The French Africans dote on big lips, flat noses and filed teeth, while their brothers on this side yearn for small lips, thin noses and gold teeth. They laugh at whiteness while we laugh at blackness. They are satisfied with their wooly hair while we demand ours rigidly straightened. In brief, the French Africans want to be themselves and not copy the white man's standards of beauty, but we, being more civilized, enthusiastically, yes religiously, embrace them—and we don't have to be threatened by jail sentences to do so. either

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Let the Cooks Continue Struggle for Supremacy

From the Pathfinder

AN ENGLISH lady, Mrs. Mme. Genot, a noted cook in Paris. She said that the French had spent twenty centuries perfecting the culinary art, and that they yielded to nobody in the art. She challenged Mrs. Lewis to a test on either side of the channel, both to prepare lunches from the same material in the same time, which would be eaten and pronounced upon by competent judges.

The Parisian "cordon bleu" extended her challenge, too, to any

colored cook in the United States. She is willing to try conclusions with any cook outside of France. "Why," she witheringly asked Mrs. Lewis, "did King Edward VII, the bon vivant, frequent my humble restaurant?" She also wanted to know why a number of other English notables, including the Prince of Wales, came to Paris so often to get a good meal. She confided to the world that she had been sought by the Rockefellers, and she reached her period with the question: "Why did people offer me a bridge of gold across the ocean to Palm Beach?"

Much can be said for the French cooks. Also much for the English, and for the negro cooks in the United States. The best of them have accomplished wonders in all three countries, and they deserve all the praise they get. As to which are the best, that is not important and we should not tell if we knew of certain knowledge. It might discourage the losers. It is to the interests of all consumers that cooks should everywhere think they are the best—and try to live up to their beliefs.

It is not a settlement of the question but a continuation of the competition we desire. We should like to see more pride of profession among our cooks, and we should like to see their art win a higher place in the general esteem. The importance and significance of good cooking have never been realized or appreciated in this busy country—this country of dyspepsia and patent digestive aids. One writer has declared that statues will be erected in the future to great cooks instead of great generals. With better cooking we should take more pleasure in eating, with the result of better health and more happiness in living.

P. S.—A statue has just been erected to the discoverer of Camembert cheese.

SEEK TO SOLVE MYSTERY OF MEN IN EARLY AMERICA

Expedition to Study Slab Houses of Southwest.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—An expedition bent on clearing up a mystery dating back to the childhood of man in America has left the Smithsonian institution for the southwest. It is in charge of H. H. Roberts Jr. of the bureau of American ethnology, and it will seek to discover who were the people of the slab houses and how they were related to the Pueblo dwellers of the prehistoric southwest.

The first slab house people are officially termed the post basket makers. According to Mr. Roberts, they are next to the oldest people of whom we have any record in the southwest. The four cultures generally recognized for that region are, in chronological order, the basket makers, who wove baskets and excellent textiles, but made no pottery; the post basket makers, who added pottery making to their arts and seem to have developed the first permanent dwellings; the pre-Puebloans, and the highly cultured Pueblo peoples, whose great apartment cities stand as a permanent memorial to their complicated civilization.

Developed Basket Makers.

What relationship did each of these groups bear to the others? "It is practically certain," said Mr. Roberts, before leaving the Smithsonian, "that the post basket makers who built the earliest slab houses were a developed group of the basket makers. This deduction is made both from the cultural objects left behind by the two groups and from the similarity of their skeletons. Both peoples were long headed. The apparent break comes between the post basket makers and the pre-Puebloans, and it is this gap which the bureau of American ethnology hopes to aid in bridging.

Houses Circular Pits.

The slab houses which distinguished the earlier people were circular pits sunk two or three feet in the ground and lined with stone slabs. Conical roofs of brushwood covered with adobe mud completed the dwellings. The

Smithsonian expedition will excavate several of these houses in Chaco cañon, near Gallup, N. M., in a search for clues of pottery and artifacts and for skeletal remains.

The expedition also will excavate in the Montezuma creek region in southeastern Utah, where other post basket makers' sites are known to exist. It is by a comparison of material gathered from scattered points that Mr. Roberts hopes to find the key to racial relationships.

TO SEARCH AFRICA FOR PARENTS OF THE HUMAN RACE

Noted Scientist Will Lead Expedition Into Heart Of Wilds To Prove the First Man Lived There

BOSTON, Mass., June 22—(Special)—Dr. Arthur H. Torrance, explorer and scientist, fellow of the Royal Society of England, who is in Boston for a brief visit, told something Monday of his plans for his expedition to Africa next fall in search of the parent race of humankind. A secondary object will be a study of possible methods of eliminating sleeping sickness by efforts to exterminate the Tsetse fly. The expedition, which is expected to start from Boston about September 30, is the sequel to Dr. Torrance's discoveries of strange, half-formed natives in his six months' exploration of African jungles in 1924 and 1925. The region which he will revisit is in the vicinity of Lake Chad, in northern Nigeria.

Dr. Torrance said that the normal members of the tribe which he visited as well as those showing abnormal physical formation were tall in stature but very primitive and of an intelligence inferior to many other African tribes. He had advanced the theory that this may indicate that the start of the human race was in the African jungles. He will take an X-ray machine to aid in his study of the physical peculiarities.

Dr. Torrance, who is an American and a graduate of New York University, plans to assemble a party of five scientists and three big game hunters. It is expected that the National Geographic Society will be represented in the expedition.